From the Author

REMARKS

ON PARTS OF

FRANCE, ITALY, &c.

BY

BENJAMIN HOBHOUSE,

BARRISTER AT LAW.

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ON

SEVERAL PARTS

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FRANCE, ITALY, &c.

IN THE YEARS

1783, 1784, AND 1785.

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H.

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IN THE YEARS

1785, 1786, AND 1787.

BY BENJAMIN HOBHOUSE,

BARRISTER AT LAW.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following Collection of Letters, written when I was between twenty-ſix and twenty-eight years of age, is not intended to be publiſhed. It is printed with the hope of affording an hour's amuſement to my friends, many of whom had requeſted me to furniſh them with copies.

After I had attentively ſurveyed the antiquities in Rome and its neighbourhood, I ſought the hiſtory of them in NARDINI, VENUTI, and other Italian writers. That I availed myſelf often of their aſſiſtance, I moſt readily acknowledge; but I never adopted any account without

without examining how far it was reaſonable, and whether it correſponded with the appearance of the remains.

It is further neceſſary, by way of previous information, to add, that when an object is ſaid to be ſo many feet in length, breadth, or height, I made uſe of the French ſcale of menſuration.

B. HOBHOUSE.

HARTHAM-HOUSE,
JAN. 8, 1796.

LETTER I.

TO *J. H.* ESQ.

DOVER, OCT. 6, 1783.

HERE, as at every other water-paſſage, you are detained to ſpend money at the inn, and the captain muſt alſo have more than the common fare, and be civilly treated, or he will keep you another day. This is one of the little inconveniences which can ruffle no other than a very impatient temper. If I ſhould be obliged to ſtay until to-morrow, I am determined to make myſelf happy; but there ſeems no occaſion for delay. The wind, though not a ſide wind, yet, as it blows at N. N. W. is not contrary.

V——,

V——, after having promiſed to be my companion if I would wait for him until Monday, at laſt diſappointed me, ſo that I left London attended only by my ſervant ROTONDI. Concerning *him* I ſhall be ſilent, for I have not yet had ſufficient trial to decide upon his character. His clothes were ſo bad, that I could not avoid giving him better for my own credit.

It will be the greateſt pleaſure, during my abſence, to hear from you. This requeſt will not, I hope, be denied to

Your affectionate ſon,

B. H.

LETTER

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

PARIS, OCT. 10, 1783.

BEFORE I ſpeak of my voyage, I muſt inform you of a ſcene at Dover, which, though embarraſſing at the time, is laughable in the recollection. I travelled to that place in the ſtage-coach; our party conſiſted of a Ruſſian Tutor, belonging to the univerſity of Peterſburgh, who ſpoke a *little* Engliſh, gained by *ſix* months ſtudy; a Piedmonteſe, who had been in England two months, and could only utter a few of our moſt common curſes; an officer in the navy, from his profeſſion not likely to be maſter of *many* languages; and your ſon, of whoſe ſuperficial acquaintance with the French and Italian you are not ignorant. I, even I,

was

was obliged to ſtand interpreter. To the Ruſſian gentleman, and the Engliſh officer, it was my buſineſs to explain what was ſaid by the Piedmonteſe: to the Piedmonteſe I was under the ſame neceſſity of conſtruing the Engliſh tongue. Nothing could exceed his delight when he heard a few words of Italian drop from my mouth: hitherto he had remained with his plate before him, not knowing in what manner to aſk for his dinner; but his countenance then brightened, and he became cheerful. Judge how difficult this taſk muſt have proved to me; picture to yourſelf our mutual blunders and confuſion.

Of our paſſage I ſhall ſay but little, for I was not in a condition to make much obſervation. We were upon the ſea nine hours, and during the whole time I laboured under the moſt cruel ſickneſs I ever experienced. Many of the paſſengers were ill; but it was confeſſed, on all hands,

hands, that none ſuffered ſo much as myſelf. We could not reach Boulogne before the turn of the tide, and therefore were compelled to wait until the flood, for want of a ſufficient depth of water. Thus we lay within a league of ſhore for four hours. The captain made for Boulogne, rather than Calais, becauſe the wind blew fair for that port. At nine at night, I, for the firſt time, ſet my foot on French ground.

Yours, &c.

B. H.

P. S. I intreat you to keep my letters, as they may be of ſervice to refreſh my memory after my return to England.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

PARIS, OCT. 14, 1783.

IN my laſt letter you beheld me landed at Boulogne, where the people had crowded to view the paſſengers as they ſtepped out of the veſſel. Their figures were to me truly novel. The men wore ear-rings, the women had a croſs hanging to their necks, and *all* were highly powdered. Here the female ſex exhibited ſufficient proof of the extent of their bodily ſtrength, when unimpaired by luxury or habits of idleneſs. After the cuſtom-houſe officer had gone through a *farcical* examination of the trunks, (I call it ſo, ſince the *quietus* of three livres cauſed him to leave every thing undiſturbed) the women, in a conteſt for the porterage,

porterage, wreſted them out of the hands of the men, and with eaſe bore even the weightieſt to the inn. Here they ſeated themſelves upon the immenſe burdens they had ſuſtained, and would not deliver them until their demands were ſatisfied. In this country the women perform almoſt all the laborious offices.

I will, in a few words, give you a deſcription of the *ſmall* French towns. The houſes are irregular, and ill built; and, the high and low being contiguous, preſent an appearance truly laughable: the ſtreets are commonly very narrow.

Many of the *larger* towns, indeed, attract notice; they are for the moſt part encompaſſed by a high wall, and a deep foſſe, and have great gates of entrance. Montreuil is delightfully ſituated on riſing ground, at the foot of which flows the river Canche. The *upper* is divided from the *lower* town by a large wall.

The

The *upper* is of a circular form, and round the ramparts is a walk, planted on each ſide with trees, and commanding a moſt delightful proſpect. I could with pleaſure enlarge on Abbeville, Amiens, and Clermont, but the beſt deſcription can give only a faint repreſentation of them.

With reſpect to the publick buildings which I met with on my route to this place, I ſhall only ſay of them in general, that they are profuſely ſplendid, and too gaudy. When I except from this account the cathedral at Amiens, I do the French no honour; for this excellent piece of Gothick architecture was conſtructed by the Engliſh.

The face of Picardy is not very ſtriking to the eye, as wood is ſo ſcarce, that the fuel of the common people conſiſts wholly of turf. This province, in ſome parts varied by hill and dale, abounds in arable land. The ſoil is compoſed

poſed of chalk and flint; the property of different owners is divided by *linchettes*, as they are termed in Wiltſhire; not an incloſure is to be ſeen.

Upon entering the Iſle of France, I ſaw ſome vineyards of no great extent; but I was a month too late to view them in their beauty, September being the time *de vendange*. This province has rather more paſture land, is more level, and its ſoil of a darker dye.

Between Boulogne and Paris there are but few noblemen's ſeats, nor in theſe can I diſcover any taſte. The pleaſure-ground is crowded with trees cut into fantaſtical ſhapes, and with a diſguſting profuſion of caſcades. The ſtables and manſion of the Prince De Condé are extremely magnificent: had the latter been placed but a little diſtance from the ſpot where it now ſtands, it would have overlooked a great ſpace of country enriched with woods and villages.

The

The road from Clermont to Paris is paved in the middle; but in Picardy the flint renders it unneceſſary. Almoſt the whole diſtance from Amiens to Paris you travel through a ſtraight and wide avenue of elms, or apple-trees. Under the latter I have often ſeen a poor boy eating bread and apples, while he entertained himſelf by jumping the figure of a dance.

"Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough."

You will expect me to ſpeak of the mode of travelling in this country. The poſt-maſters ſupply you only with horſes. The number for every kind of carriage is fixed by the ordinance of the king, and you muſt pay for all of them, whether they appear to you neceſſary or not. A two-wheeled chaiſe is not required to employ ſo many as one with four. I therefore hired one of the former kind to carry me, for the ſum of three louis d'or, from Boulogne to this place.

It

It moves roughly and ſlowly. The horſes are meager, of all colours, and of all ſizes; and the tackle, as TRISTRAM SHANDY truly obſerves, is for ever breaking and out of order, ſo that you are frequently detained a conſiderable time. I have experienced much of the impoſition complained of by Mr. T. H. but no inſolence except from the poſtilions. They are allowed by the tarif to receive *five* ſous per poſt, and *no more*; but *twenty*, through the fooliſh extravagance of Engliſh travellers, will not content them. I was engaged in perpetual warfare with the French poſtilions; who, although I increaſed my bounty, were not the leſs diſſatisfied. The attendants on your chaiſe, when it is neceſſary to change horſes, are a crowd of beggars, who appear the very picture of famine and miſery; *pour charité et l'amour de Dieu* rings in your ears, and the heart ever feels a deſire to relieve ſuch diſtreſs, although

the finances may be too limited to admit of *frequent* gratification.

You muſt want a little breathing time. I will therefore reſerve my account of this great city until my next, and ſubſcribe myſelf,

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LETTER IV.

TO T. Y. ESQ.

MORET, OCT. 17, 1783.

IN my laſt to my father from Paris, I promiſed a deſcription of the French metropolis, but fear that I ſhall diſappoint my friends in this particular, as a reſidence of ſix days would allow but a very tranſient view of the numerous objects which challenge notice.

That

That I might loſe no time by walking from one place to another, (which, I muſt add, ſubjects you every moment to be run over) I engaged by the day, a gilt chariot at half a louis, a coachman at thirty ſous, and a *laquais de place* at forty. My travelling ſervant was not ſufficiently converſant with Paris to direct my route. Thus equipped, I firſt waited on our Ambaſſador, the duke of M———, to whom I delivered Mr. F—'s letter of recommendation, and by whom I was politely received. He was making preparations for his departure to Fontainbleau, whither the French king, and his court, had a little while before removed, for the ſake of taking the pleaſures of the chace. As Fontainbleau lay in my road to Lyons, he preſſed me to make ſome ſtay there, "that he "might have the honour of preſenting me." By way of ſtronger inducement, he added, that the entertainment would be very ſplendid. The king's

king's expence at this ſeat is ſo great, that he has not been there for five years paſt. The duke left Paris the ſame evening, but previouſly returned my viſit. Mr. T. H——'s letter of introduction to Mr. H———, the ſecretary of Mr. H——, has proved of conſiderable ſervice to me. That gentleman honoured me with the politeſt attention, and accompanied me to all the publick places. We went every night either to the comedy or opera. In point of ſize, neither of theſe theatres is equal to the Engliſh, but both are ſuperior in elegance of ornament. Their repreſentation of comedy is juſt and pleaſing; but in tragedy they "tear a "paſſion to rags and tatters; they out-herod "Herod."

There are more fine publick buildings in Paris than in London; but at the ſame time the city preſents not to my eye ſo agreeable an appearance. The ſtreets are too narrow, the

houſes

houſes are of an immoderate height, and ſome of them project far beyond others. It is needleſs to enquire to whom any noble ſtructure belongs, for *au roi* is the conſtant anſwer. The walls are covered with *arrêts*, or other badges of ſervitude. In the principal ſquares are generally ſtatues of thoſe monarchs who have in any manner diſtinguiſhed themſelves. HENRY IV. and LOUIS XIV. every where claim notice. In the *Place de Victoire* LOUIS XIV. is repreſented with four nations in chains at his feet,—the Dutch, the Spaniards, the Germans, and the Engliſh. This will be a laſting monument of the unſubſtantial pride and preſumption of France.

I paſſed one day at Verſailles, but muſt acknowledge that I was much diſappointed. My expectations had probably been too much raiſed by exaggerated accounts. The grand and extenſive front of the building beſpeaks the reſidence

dence of a great king, but the apartments are not well furniſhed, nor are there ſo many capital paintings as I had been taught to expect. I dined in the town, and being an Engliſhman (whom they uſually ſtile *milord*) paid more than a louis d'or for a bad dinner. I could enumerate a thouſand ſimilar impoſitions. Adieu!

Yours, &c.

B. H.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

AUXERRE, OCT. 18, 1783.

ABBÉS, without number, are ſeen in the ſtreets of Paris. In order to gratify my deſire of viewing the inſide of a monaſtery, I viſited ſeveral, and among the reſt, that of the Carthuſians.

thuſians. I was admitted to the apartments of one of the principal friars, who received me with great politeneſs and affability. His head was ſhaven, and he was clothed in the habit of his order, a looſe white dreſs. One of his ſmall chambers contained a bed, the other a table and a chair or two, in the ſimpleſt taſte, together with a few books of devotion: in both hung the image of a crucified Saviour. He had a pleaſant little garden abounding with grapes, of which he gave me a bunch. His converſation turned upon the political ſtate of Europe, and the danger of an univerſal diſturbance through the ambition of the Empreſs of Ruſſia. Being unable to draw him to any other ſubject, I thought it fair to conclude, that an entrance into an order ſequeſtered from the world, diveſts not the mind of worldly intereſts. The ſeveral friars dine together in a publick hall, but eat only of vegetables.

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tables. On certain days they exchange but two words, "*memento mori.*" When I went into the chapel, the porter, while he was explaining the hiſtory of a painting, fell on his knees, prayed in ſilence for a minute or two, aroſe again, croſſed himſelf, and, without taking any time for recollection, reſumed the narrative exactly where he left off. Is not this a ſolemn piece of mockery? You who poſſeſs the ſubſtance of religion, muſt reprobate obſervances in which the ſoul bears no part.

The nobility, particularly thoſe of the blood royal, may take away the life of a plebeian, not only without puniſhment, but even without inquiry. A *chevalier* needs only ſhew the croſs of St. Louis, and the riſing indignation of the vulgar is converted into extreme humility. There is, in a word, no ſtate of mediocrity in France.

The cuſtoms and manners of a country, however diſguſting or ridiculous they may at firſt ſight

ſight appear, are from their frequent occurrence no longer objects of peculiar notice. The men walk the ſtreets with their heads finely powdered, and their hats under their arm, and publickly kiſs each other. The women lay a thick coat of paint on their faces. Theſe, and many other things which at firſt diſpoſed my muſcles to relax, no longer cauſe the ſmalleſt emotion. How oft have I laughed on reading at almoſt every corner of the *Pont Neuf* the moſt oſtentatious advertiſement of the profeſſor's ability to ſhear dogs, while at the ſame time he diſplayed his ſkill by holding between his thighs a muzzled victim, which he clipped of his curling locks! I am now leſs moved by ſuch a ſight than you are by my ſtupid deſcription of it.

It muſt be a ſubject of wonder, that I have not hitherto ſpoken of the gentleman who gave me ſo much reaſon to expect the pleaſure

pleaſure of meeting him at Paris. I am the more grieved, becauſe he was prevented by a fit of illneſs. He gives me the moſt flattering aſſurances of a tendency towards his recovery, and propoſes to meet me at Lyons. Filled by the pleaſing idea of ſeeing a long abſent friend, I yeſterday bade adieu to the French capital. The duke of M———, almoſt made me promiſe to call on him at Fontainbleau, but having no taſte for the noiſe and ſplendour of a court, I only ſtayed there to change horſes, and purſued my route to Moret. I made an agreement for my ſupper, bed, &c. a practice which every traveller in France ſhould imitate, unleſs he have no objection to be fleeced of his money: but what was my aſtoniſhment when I perceived that the whole conſiſted of ſtewed cauliflowers made palatable with vinegar, other vegetables, and ſome fried eggs. I demanded the reaſon—the price was good—but there was nothing

nothing in return. I was anſwered that no meat was ever eaten on Friday, becauſe it was a *jour maigre*. I ſubmitted with patience, having determined to conform to the cuſtoms of every country through which I might paſs. This day I have travelled twelve poſts only. A poſt is about ſix Engliſh miles. My route lay thro' Champagne and part of Burgundy, provinces, the wines of which are ſo highly eſteemed in England. I date this letter from Auxerre, which contains little curious. Situated on the banks of the Yonne, which is navigable for ſmall veſſels to Paris, it might carry on a conſiderable inland commerce; but the inhabitants make not the beſt uſe of this advantage. From Sens to this place the ride is extremely beautiful. Through a fertile country, cultivated with corn, the river Yonne winds its courſe; while the neighbouring hills are covered with vineyards, in the midſt of which riſe the ſteeples

of

of numerous churches. Villages are more thickly ſcattered, where wine, than where grain is produced; becauſe the former kind of agriculture neceſſarily employs more hands than the latter. This ſcene, inſtead of being heightened, ſuffers by my deſcription. It muſt, however, be readily admitted, that moſt travellers indulge their imagination in the deſcriptive. An author, whom I was reading a few minutes before my entrance into Sens, informs his reader that the river Vanne refreſhes the town with its limpid waters, and by filling the foſſes renders it almoſt impregnable. This *conſiderable* river, which adds ſuch *ſtrength* to the town, is but a ſmall ſtream; and theſe clear and cooling waters, which flow through the ſtreets, are dirty, and rather conſtitute a part of the general uncleanlineſs. But this is the *trade* of writers, and reliance is rarely to be placed upon them.

I give

I give you in a very haſty manner what I have ſeen, and what I know. Each day carries me ſtill farther from you; but as I have peſtered you with four ſheets of paper within theſe forty-eight hours, you cannot doubt that you are frequently in my thoughts. I hope you want no aſſurance how much, and how ſincerely, I am

Yours,

B. H.

LETTER VI.

TO MRS. *H.*

LYONS, OCT. 23, 1783.

FROM Paris to this city there are two roads, the one through the Bourbonnois, the other through Burgundy. I had no other reaſon for preferring

preferring the latter, than that I ſaved four or five poſts in point of diſtance. I might have been able to aſſign a better, if I had commenced this journey a month ſooner; for then is the time of vintage, a time of general mirth and feſtivity, unleſs the expectations of produce have been blaſted by an inclement ſeaſon.

The beſt Champagne and Burgundy which I was able to procure, coſt about ten-pence Engliſh per bottle; but it is too light and thin, and not a twentieth part ſo good as that which is to be had in England. If I recollect, Dr. SMOLLET rationally conjectures, that the beſt is bought up by the people of fortune for their private uſe, or preſerved for exportation. At Arnai le Duc I met with a ſtroke of ill luck, worſe than that which befel TRISTRAM SHANDY. One of the wheels of my chaiſe broke to pieces. *His* laſted until he reached Lyons, where he had the opportunity of purſuing

ſuing his route by embarking on the Rhone. Had *mine* kept together until my arrival at Chalons, a very few poſts diſtant, I might have ſailed down the Saone: by patch-work I have made it hold out to this place. The road between Salien and Arnai le Duc frequently runs on the ſide of a high hill, is ſcarcely broad enough for a carriage, and at the ſame time ſo rugged and full of holes, that there is ſome danger of a precipitate deſcent. You will not wonder, therefore, at the accident I have related. But it muſt be remarked, that I have ſeldom had reaſon to complain of the roads.

You will obſerve that I have followed the courſe of three large rivers, the Yonne, the Saone, and the Rhone. Viewed from an elevation, the vales through which theſe rivers flow, afford the moſt beautiful appearance. Having reached the top of a lofty hill, I ſuddenly caught a ſight of the Saone, which I had

loſt

loſt for a time, urging its way in ample folds through a rich vale, the village of Tournus riſing on the declivity of its banks. I could not paſs over ſuch a ſcene in ſilence.

At Ville-Franche, the capital of the Beaujolois, I enquired into the particulars of a brutal privilege, granted to that town by HUMBERT the Fourth. I allude to the liberty which he gave the men, of beating their wives until the blood forced its way through the ſkin. Any thing ſhort of death they might lawfully inflict. The ſervant aſſured me in a whiſper that this barbarous uſage, which I ſhould have hoped time had aboliſhed, was ſtill in force; but adviſed me not to touch upon the ſubject to the inhabitants. They have alſo another very ſingular cuſtom at that place. As ſoon as the common people perceive the corn to be ripe, they go in a body, and cut it without permiſſion from the landlord, bind it up in ſheaves,

and

and pay themſelves by taking the tenth bundle. The proprietors of lands have endeavoured to put an end to this practice, but in vain.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

LYONS, OCT. 25, 1783.

THE charge which you once laid to my account, will not, I believe, be now applied to me. You complained that I did not write ſufficiently often: at preſent I rather expect to hear that my letters are troubleſome, and occupy too much of your time. If this be the caſe, you have one revenge: throw them aſide unread, and inflict on ſtupidity the fate it deſerves.

Lyons is ſeated near the conflux of the rivers Saone and Rhone. On the ſide of it, two mountains, ornamented with villas, convents, gardens, and vineyards, form a kind of amphitheatre. However pleaſing to the eye the ſituation of this city may be, I cannot think it healthy. Placed in a vale near two large rivers, it is continually enveloped in fog. The inhabitants are ſubject to thoſe large tumours in the neck, ſo common to marſhy and low countries. I am told that they are very liable alſo to fevers.

I here both *ſee* and *feel* the effects of a warmer ſun than we enjoy in England. Green peaſe are now in great abundance, and conſequently cheap; roſes and violets are ſold almoſt for nothing in the ſtreets. Let the price of dinner at an ordinary be ever ſo low, there is always a fine deſert of fruit.

A-propos of the French diet—I readily acquired a reliſh for ragouts, &c. and ſoon learned

to

to eat cheeſe, figs, grapes, and roaſted chefnuts all together. But moſt of my countrymen continue non-conformiſts for a long time, which I ſuppoſe would be the caſe with you; for the manner in which diſhes are ſerved up is not, it muſt be confeſſed, very delicate.

You have frequently exclaimed againſt the waſhing of London: what would you ſay to the *clean* linen worn here? The ſhirts returned from the waſh never look white, and are very ſeldom dry. I have often a view of their mode of waſhing, as I walk the quay on the banks of the Rhone. There are many covered lighters on the river; in theſe the waſher-women are aſſembled. They have large flat boards, againſt which they beat the linen, after having dipped it in the water: nor is it uncommon to ſee them banging it againſt the ſide of the boat.

You will be ſurpriſed that I ſhould ſtay here ſo many days. F——'s abſence is the cauſe.

He

He is better in health, as I am informed by a letter I found on my arrival, and will be with me in a day or two. It is really uncomfortable to be ſo long in a ſtate of fruitleſs expectation. This delay has, however, given me an opportunity of ſeeing all, or moſt of the curioſities. The church of St. John, which contains the extraordinary *Horloge*, the *Hotel de Ville*, and the *Hotel de Dieu*, I have viſited. It is needleſs to deſcribe theſe, or the *Place de Belle Cour*, or the great *library* of the *Jeſuits*; for the account may be ſeen in the works of every modern travel writer. From the laſt, in a very warm and clear day, I had a fine proſpect of the Alps, the tops of which were covered with ſnow.

The theatre, which is ſmall, but rich and elegant, I frequent every evening for the ſake of learning the French pronunciation, in which I found myſelf more ignorant than I had imagined.

gined. I do not always underſtand what is ſaid, and as to *ſpeaking*, I attempt it with very little ſucceſs. I had not eſtimated the difference between talking French with Frenchmen and with our own countrymen.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER VIII.

TO *I. H.* ESQ.

MARSEILLES, NOV. 16, 1783.

AFTER waiting ten days at Lyons, I was bleſſed with the ſight of my long wiſhed-for friend Mr. F——, who arrived there with two Iriſh gentlemen. Thence we all proceeded together, and adopted the *coche d'eau*, or water machine, as our mode of travelling to Avignon.

It

It had been repreſented to us, that the country on the banks of the Rhone would afford us great delight, that we ſhould ſail down this rapid river with expedition, and be furniſhed with every convenience. The romantick hills on the banks of the Rhone exceeded the deſcription; but had I known what I ſhould have ſuffered from my water expedition, I would unqueſtionably have travelled poſt. The weather was extremely cold, the boat moved very ſlowly by reaſon of the ſhallowneſs of the river, and the inns where we were obliged to paſs the night were unfit for the reception of any human creature. Before I had gone half way to Avignon, I gave up my fare; and with the two Iriſh gentlemen, who were no leſs tired of it than myſelf, landed at Valence. They brought with them from England a roomy chaiſe, and complimented me with a ſeat in it. I accepted it, and accompanied them to Avignon, where we were

were met by F—, who had braved every inconvenience. We allotted a day to view that town and its environs. It is ſituated in a fertile plain, on the banks of the Rhone, and through its ſtreets runs a dirty rivulet, named the Sorgues, which has its ſource in the valley of Vaucluſe, ſo celebrated by the famous PETRARCH. Among the moſt remarkable things are the cathedral, (a very antient Gothick ſtructure) the palace of the Vice-Legate, and a very beautiful promenade between avenues of trees on the outſide of the fortifications which encircle the town. The traveller generally feels the ſtrongeſt curioſity to viſit the tomb of LAURA, whoſe charms inſpired the noble verſe of PETRARCH; but nothing is to be ſeen, ſave a ſtone with an inſcription ſo effaced that it is difficult to decipher a word. This epitaph was written by FRANCIS I. one of the ableſt French monarchs. The words have been explained, but are only worthy

worthy of preſervation, becauſe they were compoſed by a king. I ſhould with pleaſure have viſited Vaucluſe, where the ruins of PETRARCH's manſion are to be ſeen, but it lay too much out of my route.

I muſt obſerve that I have ſeen only two fine pieces of painting ſince I left Paris; the one at Lyons, the Crucifixion of our Saviour, whoſe countenance ſtrongly expreſſes pain and the moſt patient ſuffering, a RUBENS; the other at Avignon, in the cathedral before-mentioned, a Madonna, by RAPHAEL.

From Avignon I proceeded, in company with F——, to Niſmes. The many Roman remains which it boaſts made me deſirous of viſiting it, although it took me conſiderably out of the road to Marſeilles. Long could I dwell upon the numerous antiquities with which my eyes were feaſted, but the compaſs of a letter will allow little more than a bare mention of them.

Near

Near Remoulins, about nine miles from Niſmes, is the Pont du Gard. A deſign was formed, according to ſome, by ADRIAN; according to others, by AGRIPPA, to conduct the waters of the Eure, near Uſez, to the town of Niſmes, by means of an aqueduct twenty-ſeven miles in length. The progreſs of the work was obſtructed by two high mountains ſeparated from each other by the river Gard. Over this river is built the bridge, the top of which is level to the ſummits of the mountains, and makes a communication between them. On this upper part is the channel for the water, which was thus conveyed to the oppoſite ſide. I never ſaw a piece of Tuſcan architecture in which ſo much lightneſs is united with ſo much ſtrength. It conſiſts of three ranks of arches one above the other, and is more than a hundred and fifty feet in height.

The

The ſubject of bridges reproaches me for not having before mentioned the Pont St. Eſprit, which croſſes the Rhone between Lyons and Avignon. It was built in the thirteenth century, and in order to ſecure it againſt the force of the torrent, it has ſmall apertures between the large arches, and one of its ſides is of a convex form. It is three thouſand feet in length, but not wide enough for one carriage.

At Niſmes the remains of an amphitheatre, ſaid to have been erected by the Emperor ADRIAN, afford a good idea of this ſpecies of building. The ſeats riſe one above another round the whole interior, and communicate with galleries, which are open to the air through ranks of arches, and originally ſerved the purpoſe of occaſional refreſhment and exerciſe for the ſpectators. The Gothiciſm of the modern inhabitants has filled the arena with

ſmall

ſmall filthy houſes. In my next I will ſpeak of the other curioſities of that place.*

I am now at Marſeilles, where it is my intention to take up my reſidence for ſome time. The hardſhips which attend travelling in this country have increaſed my ſtomach complaints, which by quiet I have hopes to remove. I did

* The account of Niſmes was either never completed, or loſt, and therefore I ſhall add a ſhort deſcription of the Maiſon Carrèe, an object which ought by no means to be overlooked by the curious traveller. This edifice, which is not, as its name imports, quite a ſquare, but an oblong, is decorated with thirty fluted columns of the Corinthian order. Several of them ſupport a large portico, and give an air of magnificence to the approach: the others ſurround the outſide walls, and are partly ſhut into them. I paid a viſit of reſpect to the late ingenious Mr. SEGUIER. The numerous holes in the frieze and architrave were, in his opinion, deſigned to hold the inſcription, which, according to the practice of the Romans, conſiſted of letters in bronze faſtened to a building by nails driven through them. By applying ſuch letters as in their ſhape follow the line of the holes, he diſcovered every word. Hence the controverſy between the learned was terminated, and it was eſtabliſhed that the Maiſon Carrèe was a temple dedicated to CAIUS and LUCIUS, the adopted ſons of AUGUSTUS.

not

not receive ſo much benefit from the ſea-ſickneſs as I expected. The thin French wines, and the waters of the Seine, which are drunk at Paris, greatly diſagreed with me at firſt. Adieu, my dear brother!

I remain your's affectionately,

B. H.

LETTER IX.

TO *J. F.* ESQ.

MARSEILLES, JAN. 21, 1784.

TRUST me, my dear friend, that, although ſeparated from you by many hundred miles, the affection which I have ever borne you has ſuffered no diminution. My promiſe of writing to you I execute with the greateſt pleaſure.

The commerce of this city ſuffered materially during the war, but its revival is at hand. The principal

principal trade of the Marſeillois is to the Levant, for that which is carried on with the Aſiatics is ſtill inconſiderable, notwithſtanding a very heavy clog has been removed by favour of the king. Until lately no ſhips, trading between this port and the Eaſt-Indies, could make their voyage without touching at port l'Orient to undergo an examination, and pay duties. I have in vain endeavoured to furniſh you with a ſtatement of the cuſtom-houſe entries.

Buckles, buttons, &c. are ſent from England to Nice, where the proprietors of the *feluccas*, for five per cent. commiſſion, undertake to deliver them at Marſeilles. This prohibited trade is not, I am aſſured, as yet ſuſpected.

Soap, ſilk, porcelain, &c. are made here. The expeditious proceſs of giving form to ſo ſtubborn a ſubſtance as coral is very curious. It is ſent in the ſhape of beads to Africa, where the natives put an ineſtimable value on ſuch bawbles. The

The land in the environs of this city is dry and barren, ſcarcely a tree is to be ſeen. The corn produced is not ſufficient to laſt a quarter of a year, ſo that grain is brought hither from all parts.

The *baſtides*, or country-houſes, are reckoned at more than ten thouſand; but the moſt elegant of them is far inferior in magnificence to thoſe we have in England.

The police of Marſeilles, with reſpect to health, is extremely ſtrict and proper. The laſt time it was afflicted with the plague was in the year 1720. There is a beautiful painting of the horrible carnage by a perſon who was witneſs of the deſolating ſcene. It was ſuppoſed to have been communicated by throwing a piece of ſmuggled goods from a veſſel into the town: in conſequence of which it is now become a capital crime to caſt on ſhore any article which has not been examined. The

crews

crews of ſhips bound to this port perform quarantine in a place called the Lazaret. If they have a ſound bill of health, they remain there for twenty days: if not, for forty. I am told, however, that even thoſe poſſeſſed of a ſound bill may be obliged to ſtay a twelve-month: for their detention is from time to time extended, if others arrive who are ſuppoſed to be infected with the diſeaſe. The ſufferings of the town from ſo dreadful a viſitation juſtify this rigour.

As to the climate, I have not found it favourable to my complaints. I fear that I ſhall return to England no better in health than when I left it. The weather has been wet for ſix weeks, almoſt without a day's intermiſſion, ſo that I have been obliged to diſcontinue exerciſe on horſeback. This humid atmoſphere cannot be ſerviceable to nerves which

which have loſt their elaſticity. I am about to try the air of Montpelier; to which place do me the favour to direct a line; and believe me to be on all occaſions moſt faithfully and affectionately Your's,

B. H.

LETTER X.

TO *H. H.* ESQ.

ARLES, JAN. 22, 1784.

A FAVOURABLE wind would have carried me from Marſeilles to Italy in a few days; but in the preſent ſtate of my health, I could not ſee that country in a ſatisfactory manner by the commencement of the ſummer, the time I promiſed to return. My plan is, to paſs the remainder of the winter in Languedoc, and then

then travel homeward by way of Bourdeaux and the Orleanois.

From Marſeilles I went to Toulon. When I was two poſts diſtant from it, I learned that no perſon could enter that city after ſunſet. I therefore tempted the poſtilion, by promiſe of a large gratuity, to quicken his pace. The landlord at the next poſt immediately commenced a quarrel with him for driving ſo faſt, becauſe I ſhould otherwiſe have been obliged to have ſlept at his houſe. He uſed every delay to avoid giving me horſes. My ſervant generally travelled with me in the carriage, but I now ordered a *bidet* for him, that he might gallop on before, and keep the gates open to the laſt moment, by means of bribery. The landlord would not produce the horſes,* and

* None but the large towns have more than one inn authoriſed to let poſt-horſes, ſo that recourſe can ſeldom be had to the Engliſh remedy of applying to another houſe.

expreſſed a hope that I might not gain admittance that night into the city. I am clear that I ſhould not have obtained them at all, had I not declared that I was employed to convey a letter of importance from Monſieur De Pile, governor of Marſeilles, to the governor of Toulon.* At length Giovanni ſallied forth on a paltry little horſe, ſcarcely capable of making a canter, and *I* ſoon afterwards followed. The poſtilion, having received private orders from his maſter, could not be perſuaded to put his horſes upon a trot. Before I had gone half way, I diſcovered poor Giovanni on foot hobbling: thrice had he fallen from his horſe, in conſequence of which he was confined to his bed with a fever and ſprained ancle. The

* I am aſhamed that I ſhould ever have thought of employing artifice, or of tempting others to depart from the line of their duty; a reflecting mind muſt hold every ſpecies of inſincerity and venality in the greateſt abhorrence.

carriage

carriage in which I took this journey had a low box on the outſide; there I placed him, and made him with his whip laſh the poſtilion's horſe. Thus, in ſpite of every impediment, my purpoſe was accompliſhed. I was, however, ſo near being too late, that the officer reproved the ſoldier on duty for not having ſhut the gates before, ſince he could not ſee the gentleman's face. Many other difficulties not leſs provoking have I encountered.

Toulon, a ſtrongly fortified town, is ſituated on the coaſt of the Mediterranean, and ſcreened to the north by very high mountains. The houſes are not ill built, but the ſtreets are too narrow. The great object of attention is the arſenal, which the governor politely permitted me to ſee. Every article which may be wanted, is depoſited in its reſpective magazine: indeed the whole buſineſs is conducted with the

greateſt regularity. The rope-yard is one thouſand one hundred feet in length.

I took a ride to Hieres, a village containing in itſelf nothing beautiful, but celebrated for its orange-groves. I was there on the 17th of December, and ſaw the trees covered with ripe oranges, which the countrymen were employed in gathering. In different parts of the grove were pits, in which they buried the rotten fruit. This practice is not only a ready removal of an incumbrance, but ſerves alſo to enrich the ground. Madame F—'s orangery produces a rent of one thouſand ſix hundred pounds ſterling per annum; the king's one thouſand pounds. I returned to Toulon the ſame evening, where I ſtaid a day; and then retrod my ſteps to Marſeilles for the purpoſe of taking up my luggage, which I had left behind becauſe the roads at this time of the year are ſo ſhocking.

I ſtaid

I ſtaid there only a few hours to conſult Dr. G. relative to the ſtate of my health.

Let me intreat you to preſent my kind compliments and thanks to Mr. C. for his letter of introduction to this worthy gentleman. What has befallen me ſince my departure from Marſeilles, I ſhall relate in a letter to my father. Adieu!

Affectionately your's,

B. H.

LETTER XI.

TO *J. H.* ESQ.

MONTPELIER, JAN. 27, 1784.

IN my journey from Marſeilles to this city, I avoided the route of Aix, which I had before travelled, and went by way of Arles, to which there is no poſt road. In that caſe you agree with

with a perſon to carry you within a ſtipulated time to the place of your deſtination. Having made ſuch a contract, I departed from Marſeilles in an open carriage on the 20th of this month, accompanied by F——; but we ſoon repented of taking this croſs-country road. We traverſed ſeveral mountains, where ſcarcely a tract could be ſeen. For our ſafety we thought proper to walk, but this I was ſoon obliged to give up, for I abſolutely could not ſtand againſt the wind, which blew directly in my face, and was more cutting than any I ever experienced in England. The alternative was to ſit in the carriage, and take the riſque of being overturned. This lot was mine; my friend in health continued to uſe his feet. Even the driver, accuſtomed to all kinds of weather from his trade, was overcome by the exceſſive cold, and confeſſed that he ſhould have fainted, had it not been for the aſſiſtance of ſome brandy

which

which we procured at a little hovel. We ſtaid there a ſhort time, and overheard an ill-looking fellow by the fire-ſide relate a ſtory of his having been robbed and ſtripped a few nights ago. We purſued our journey, the night began to grow upon us, and of courſe the cold increaſed. Ideas of loſing our way, and remaining until morning on the mountains, were the leaſt alarming of thoſe which agitated our minds. *My* ſervant went behind the carriage; F——'s, who was on horſe-back, having loſt ſight of us, miſſed the road; in vain we holla'd and called to him. On aſking the driver whether he were acquainted with his way, he told me, in a ſurly manner, that he knew nothing about it. This anſwer ſuggeſted ſuſpicions that he might be in league with robbers, and the man in the chimney corner paſſed not without remarks. What was to be done? Our party was reduced—we had unfortunately diſcharged the muſquatoon

in

in the morning, leſt it ſhould accidentally go off, and were not in poſſeſſion of any powder;—we had touched nothing ſince breakfaſt, and had no proviſions with us;—we were wrapt in darkneſs, and periſhing with cold. We graſped our ſwords, the only arms we had; and after remaining about an hour thus anxious, and thus prepared for defence, we deſcried a light at ſome diſtance. Conceive, if you can, our unſpeakable ſatisfaction: we had found a clew to our labyrinth, we purſued it, and were led to a little village. With difficulty could we gain admiſſion at a little *cabaret*. F—— ſpoke French very well, but the door was ſtill ſhut againſt us. ROTONDI explained our miſerable ſituation in Italian, but with no better ſucceſs. At laſt we met with a perſon who interpreted our wants in *Patois*, a mixture both of French and Italian, ſpoken by the common people in thoſe parts; to him we were indebted for a reception.

ception. Our fare was hard, but it did not appear ſo after a happy eſcape from ſuch difficulties and dangers. The next morning, the weather having abated nothing of its ſeverity, we croſſed the plain *de la Crau*, a dreary heath of great extent. The driver went above three miles out of his way, and on returning to it overſet us. Neither of us ſuffered any material injury. *I* was compelled by the ſtate of my health to reſume my ſeat, and ſubmit to numerous hazards; but *F*—— determined to walk to the village of St. Martin, ſix miles diſtant. There we were joined by his ſervant. Armed with a cutlaſs, and on that account of ſuſpicious appearance, in vain had he ſolicited a lodging the night before, and was at laſt obliged to ſhelter himſelf and horſe until morning in ſome out-houſe.

We left St. Martin the next day, and made a *ſuperb* entry into Arles; F—— on his ſervant's horſe,

horſe, and I on the driver's, clad in all his harneſs. The chains, which ſerved for traces, proclaimed our approach by their noiſe. We took this ſtep, having formed a reſolution no longer to truſt ourſelves in the hands of our raſcally conductor. But let me correct myſelf. He was not, I believe, diſhoneſt, but careleſs. In ſpite of every thing we could ſay, he uſed to ſtay behind, and leave to his horſes the choice of their own way and pace. When they began to ſaunter, he hurled ſmall ſtones at them, and this occaſioned our overthrow. To add to my diſtreſs, a harraſſing indiſpoſition, which attacked me at Marſeilles, and had, I thought, taken its leave, again made its appearance. The effects of this journey will not ſoon, or eaſily, be removed. F——, a healthy and robuſt young man, has ever ſince been troubled with a dreadful cough. I will admit, that the undertaking was not very prudent.

Our

Our information was bad: had there been no other way of reaching Arles, I would rather have never ſeen the many noble monuments of Roman grandeur which it contains, than purchaſe this gratification of taſte at ſo dear a rate. My friend and fellow-ſufferer deſires his compliments. I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate Son,

B. H.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

MONTPELIER, FEB. 1, 1784.

AT Arles are the remains of an amphitheatre, evidently conſtructed by the Romans. It is larger than that at Niſmes, but being much more ancient, is not in ſuch good preſervation. The

The dens in which the beaſts were kept, and the whole circle of the buildings, are complete at Niſmes, but ſcarcely diſcernible at Arles. It is unneceſſary to inform you, that the amphitheatre was the place of publick entertainment, where the Romans aſſembled to view their ſports, which were frequently of a brutal nature. There the criminals were obliged to contend with wild beaſts for the diverſion of the ſpectators.

In the reign of Louis XIV. an obeliſk was accidentally found in digging the earth. The people of Arles availed themſelves of the opportunity to compliment that great monarch. He is repreſented on the top of it under the figure of the ſun. Few parts of the kingdom are without ſome mark or other of the high eſteem in which that prince was held.

Vaſes, urns, capitals of Roman pillars, &c. abound. In a private houſe is an ancient cornice,

nice, for which Lord SHELBURNE had offered a conſiderable ſum. Our *Cicerone*, adorned with a bag and laced coat, occupied us a whole morning, during which time he ſhewed us many things unworthy of attention, and made many obſervations deſerving of ridicule. He was the moſt ſtupid of the profeſſion.

From Arles we ſet off for Niſmes, which lay in our road to this place. If I recollect, I have already given you an account of Niſmes, the moſt agreeable town in France; but I have ſome notion that I left it imperfect. Be ſo good to hint to me what I have noticed, and if any thing be omitted I will ſupply the deficiency.

Let me not forget to tell you, that at a little village in Languedoc I was no leſs fortunate than Mr. SHANDY. A number of country girls, uniformly dreſſed, were employed in dancing to the muſick of the tambourin beaten by a woman, who accompanied it with her voice.

voice. I alighted, and though very, very *ill*, accepted a propoſal from one of them to take me for a partner. What was my aſtoniſhment, when ſhe expreſſed a wiſh that I ſhould dance a *minuet!* This performance, which you muſt not ſuppoſe to be ſtrictly regular, was followed by a country-dance. My modeſt friend could not be prevailed upon to exhibit himſelf at all upon this occaſion. Oh, how much was I ſtruck by the ſimplicity and apparently unalloyed happineſs of theſe villagers! Their lot is, I think, to be envied.

I ſhall reſide here ſome time. Travelling in open vehicles having nearly coſt me my life, I purpoſe, before I depart, to purchaſe a cloſe two-wheeled carriage, which I can ſell to Monſieur DESSEIN at Calais. This plan is, in the end, cheaper than to hire from place to place, the expence of which is very great. Hence I ſhall be under the neceſſity of advancing

vancing ſome money, and therefore muſt requeſt, if convenient, a remittance. GOSLING may ſend it to me in Sir ROBERT HERRIES's bills, directed *à la poſte reſtante à Montpelier*. Experience teaches me that I loſe leſs by this method than by letters of credit.

I have but juſt room to inform you, that I begin to recover the conſequences of my horrible journey to Arles, and that I am

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XIII.

TO *I. H.* ESQ.

MONTPELIER, MARCH 4, 1784.

I THANK you moſt kindly for your letter, and gladly ſend you an account of the weather during the laſt winter. I ſpent two months at

Marſeilles,

Marſeilles, and it rained almoſt every day, ſo that I had few opportunities of obeying the directions of my Engliſh phyſicians, by whom I was adviſed to ride conſtantly on horſeback. Since my arrival here we have had a great deal of froſt and ſnow; and as the cold, which has been more acute than I ever felt at home, frequently ſucceeds a very warm day, I doubt whether the climate be ſo good for invalids as is pretended. When I inform you that the weather begins to mend, I am unfortunately obliged to give you the authority of others; for ſince the ſevere attack on the 5th of February,* I have been confined to my chamber, and a great part of the time to my bed. For ſome days I had no return of fever, which made me think that the enemy was diſpoſſeſſed of his quarters.

* There is a long interval between the dates of the letters at this period. I know not whether to attribute it to the miſcarriage of the poſt, or to the incapacity of writing, occaſioned by my illneſs, or to both cauſes.

Three

Three days ago he made himſelf maſter of his old habitation, and has ever ſince continued to harraſs me a little in the evening. He has not the ſame force as before, and it is hoped that the *powder* of bark will deſtroy him ſpeedily. Would you believe that no good bark is to be found in this great univerſity? I have for ſome time been conſuming the red, a ſmall quantity of which I brought from England; and unleſs I can prevail on Mr. I——— to ſpare me ſome, I ſhall be diſtreſſed.

Had I ſtrength and ſpirits, I could tell you many ridiculous things relative to the practice of phyſick in this place; but I muſt be brief.

I cannot, without great concern, return an anſwer to your inquiries reſpecting the health of Dr. G——: I have lately received an affec-

tionate letter from him, in which he thanks me for my civilities, and takes his *laſt* leave of me.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

MONTPELIER, APRIL 22, 1784.

LET me aſſure you, my dear brother, that your letters afford me the higheſt gratification. I make no doubt that *mine* have the ſame effect upon you. This, however, will be ſhort, and little worth your acceptance. It is with difficulty I hold my pen; but I would not alarm the family by longer ſilence. My pains are ſevere, and almoſt without intermiſſion. After a con-

a confinement of more than two months, I am very little better than at firſt. My phyſician, an Engliſh gentleman whom good fortune threw in my way, yeſterday told me, that, unleſs ſome important change ſhould ſoon take place, my life could not be of long continuance. His hopes are, that the waters of Balaruc, which have reſtored his brother-in-law under a bilious diſorder, may be equally efficacious in my caſe. Owing to the backwardneſs of the ſeaſon, we cannot go thither until the beginning of May.

I think you muſt admit that I ſuſtain no inconſiderable trial. I have even yet "many "drops of patience in my ſoul:" but ſo many would not probably have remained, had I not endeavoured to turn this lingering diſorder to that account, for which it may have been intended by the Supreme Being. I direct my thoughts to a ſtate more durable than this world, and labour to purify myſelf from all

earthly droſs. However afflicted my body may be, I retain a mind at eaſe, and death appears not a king of terrors. Should it pleaſe Heaven, I ſhall have the happineſs of ſeeing you in the ſummer. Let us hope for the beſt, at the ſame time that we do not fear the worſt. Adieu!

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XV.

TO *T. J.* ESQ.

BALARUC, NEAR CETTE, MAY 26, 1784.

I WILL endeavour to rally my ſpirits, which are not a little dejected, both by reaſon of a return of my complaints, and the loſs of my friend Dr. P——, who ſet off for England on Sunday laſt. Although I was ſo long at Montpelier,

pelier, the ſtate of my health would not permit me to examine that city, and its environs, as much as I could wiſh. Previouſly to my departure I devoted, however, two days to that purpoſe.

Montpelier is ſituated on the declivity of a little hill, ſix miles diſtant from the Mediterranean. It ranks next to Toulouſe, the capital of the province, and contains 38,000 ſouls. In the narrowneſs of the ſtreets and the height of the houſes, it reſembles the other towns of France, not excepting the capital. Its manufactures are but few. The principal are ſilk ſtockings, and verdigriſe; for the latter it has obtained great renown. This commodity, as well as wine, is ſent by the canal to Cette, a ſmall town on the coaſt of the Mediterranean.

The majority of inhabitants conſiſts of confectioners, who prepare and ſell capillaire, or-

geat

geat, diſtilled liquors, &c. and of the members of the univerſity. The lectures, unlike to thoſe at Oxford or Cambridge, are open to all, without exacting the ſmalleſt ſum: hence the ſtudents in medicine are very numerous, and frequently belong to the loweſt claſs of people. The ſame perſon is often a hair-dreſſer, and ſurgeon. While he is qualifying himſelf for the *profeſſion*, he derives his ſupport from the *trade*. One of theſe gentlemen begged that he might ſhave me *inſtantly*, for in ten minutes he was under the neceſſity of attending a lecture on the action of the human heart. So laudable a thirſt of knowledge was entitled to the favour which he requeſted.

It is inconteſtible, but from what cauſe I know not, that the *phyſicians* of this celebrated Univerſity know nothing of the management of acute diſorders. I have heard Dr. P—— cite many inſtances in proof of it, but I will not

not tire you by the detail. Bleeding and glyſters are their *panaceas:* but ſhould they ever be ſo *raſh* as to order a drug to be taken internally, it is in ſuch ſmall doſes as to render it uſeleſs. A little while ago four of them directed, after a very long conſultation, that a patient, who lay dangerouſly ill, ſhould take four doſes of bark per day, and that each doſe ſhould contain four grains. Could Engliſh practitioners, who frequently give it by drachms, refrain from laughter? For my own part let the diſeaſe, rather than the preſcription, bring me to my end.

It is ſcarcely conceivable how violently the *mania* of offering medical advice rages among all ranks. You can talk on no ſubject, but you are interrupted by the proper treatment of a diſorder: you can have no complaint for which they know not a ſpecifick. If your contempt ſuffer you to break ſilence, and you demand what

what the ſovereign ſpecifick may be, you will ever find it to be a decoction of *endive*, or ſome other innocent herb. There is indeed nothing more natural, than that the converſation of a whole town ſhould receive a tincture from the reigning profeſſion. Thus, as I am credibly informed, even the ladies at Toulouſe will diſcourſe on matters of law, and ſuggeſt inſtructions for the conduct of a ſuit. To account for this, I ſhould have told you, that the Parliament of the province holds its courts in that city for the adminiſtration of juſtice.

Having drawn a ſketch of Montpelier and its inhabitants, I bid you adieu for the preſent, and ſubſcribe myſelf

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.*

TO THE SAME.

THE environs of Montpelier are truly delightful, and afford many agreeable walks and rides. The place de Peyrou exceeds in its kind every thing in this kingdom, if not in Europe. It is ſituated on a hill near the city, and conſiſts of two terraces one above the other.

Let me firſt ſpeak of the upper:—The Alps to the eaſtward, and the Pyrennees to the ſouth-weſt, both 150 miles diſtant, are to be ſeen on a clear day. To the ſouth is the boundleſs expanſe of the Mediterranean, and to the North are the Cevennes mountains. In the middle is an equeſtrian ſtatue of LOUIS XIV.

* This letter has no date, but it appears from the ſubject to be properly placed.

not

not unlike to that of WILLIAM III. in Queen's ſquare, Briſtol: and at the four corners are pedeſtals for ſtatues, two only of which are placed, namely, thoſe of the great generals CONDÉ and TURENNE.

The lower terrace is planted with trees, and ſupplied with ice-houſes, always open in the ſummer. To fill up the deficiencies of this deſcription, I refer you to the plan which I ſent you in a box of books from Cette.

The eſplanade, and King's garden, are likewiſe pleaſant walks; but the latter, having moſt ſhade, is beſt calculated for ſummer. It was laid out in the ſixteenth century, and formed by the king, at the requeſt of the chancellor of the univerſity, for the benefit of the ſtudents in the medical line. There was once a good collection of exotics, but few are now remaining: lectures on botany were formerly read, but the practice is now grown into diſuſe. The

income

income of a certain fund is appropriated to keep this garden in order; but it is either dormant, or (what is more probable) converted to another uſe. I was aſſured by the gardener, that for the laſt ſeven years the ſmalleſt reparation had not been made.

At a few miles diſtant from the city are ſcattered the country-houſes of the opulent gentry, who ſeem to have no idea that ornament may derive beauty from the contraſt of ſimplicity. A clumſy ſplendour reigns within and without.

Nor is more taſte diſplayed in their gardens. In a hot and dry country, pleaſure-ground *peculiarly* demands ſhade and water; but why muſt trees repreſent peacocks, or every ſtep lead to a baſon, which throws its water through ſeveral ſpouts into the air? To improve the appearance, without violating the laws of nature, is a rule unattended to in France. The

lawns

lawns of Hagley, and the woods of Piercefield, have no rivals here.

As very little rain falls in this climate, neceſſity has given birth to an ingenious contrivance. The kitchen-garden is made upon a gentle declivity, at the higher end of which is a pond conſtantly ſupplied by a ſpring. Cloſe to this pond is a mill, turned either by a horſe or mule. The wheel has on the outſide of its circumference many ſmall boxes, which, deſcending with their mouths directed to the ſurface of the water, fill as the wheel riſes upward, and empty themſelves, as it goes downward, into a large tray, whence ſmall channels conduct the ſtreams over the whole extent. A man watches the courſe of the water, and either removes its obſtructions, or bays it up in thoſe parts where he is deſirous that the earth ſhould abſorb it in quantities. This taſk is performed every morning or evening, unleſs it

be

be rendered unneceſſary by the fall of a ſhower, a caſe which ſeldom happens. An hour's labour compleatly waters an acre.

Your's &c.

B. H.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

VIGAN, LANGUEDOC, JULY 1, 1784.

THE ſubject of this letter ſhall be the antiquities in and about Montpelier.

On a ſmall iſland in the Mediterranean, are the ruins of a cathedral. This is the only veſtige of ancient Maguelonne, which appears from the itinerary of ANTONINUS to have been one of the greateſt cities of Gallia Narbonenſis. However uncertain its origin may be, the date of its deſtruction may be clearly aſcertained.

aſcertained. In the eighth century, CHARLES MARTEL razed it to the ground, becauſe it afforded a place of retreat to his enemies the Saracens. The fatal ſentence was extended to Niſmes, with an exception to the amphitheatre, which, luckily for the antiquarian, was exempted from the general ravage. The biſhop and clergy of Maguelonne, after the overthrow of their city, removed to Sextatio, now Subſtantion, but ſoon quitted it on account of the badneſs of the air, and laid the foundation of Montpelier.

At Subſtantion, four miles and a half from Montpelier, are a Roman bridge, and many Roman tombs with Latin inſcriptions, ſome of which are worthy notice. I have made a memorandum of one or two of them. Between Niſmes and Subſtantion there is a Roman road, in Latin termed *via monetæ*, in French *le chemin de la monoye*, and in the *patois* of this country

l'on

l'on camin de la monede. It is conjectured to have been ſo called, becauſe the treaſure was carried that way: but BERGIER, in his hiſtory of Roman roads, gives it as his opinion, that the original name was *via munita*, or fortified way, becauſe it was fortified, perhaps, by ſmall towers from ſpace to ſpace, ſuch as are ſtill exiſting, though in ruins, on the road from Viterbo to Rome, and on the Appian way from Rome to Naples.

You muſt have remarked that I met with but few, if any Roman remains, until I reached Provence and Languedoc; but that in thoſe provinces they abound. The reaſon of this difference may be eaſily aſſigned. Provence and Languedoc, lying nearer to the ſeat of the Roman empire, were conquered by that aſpiring people ſixty-two years before the other parts of Gaul. It is natural to ſuppoſe, that, delighted with their firſt conqueſts, they ſhould employ

employ themſelves in raiſing temples, amphitheatres, and other monuments of ſo valuable an acquiſition of territory. The firſt expedition of the Romans into Gaul was, if I rightly remember, conducted by the conſul FULVIUS FLACCUS, 124 A. C. upon the invitation of their allies, the people of Marſeilles. To him ſucceeded SEXTUS DOMITIANUS CALVUS, who defeated the Saliens, and made himſelf maſter of Provence. He built Aix, and called it Aquæ Sextiæ, from his own name, and the baths which he found there. QUINTUS FABIUS MAXIMUS, having three years afterwards defeated BITUIT king of the Auvergnats on the banks of the Rhone, entered into Languedoc, and took poſſeſſion of Narbonne; where, for the ſake of ſecuring it, the tenth legion was, according to VELLEIUS PATERCULUS, ſtationed by the ſenate. Thus FABIUS compleated the work begun by FULVIUS and SEXTUS, and

ſubjected

ſubjected to the Roman arms that part of Gaul neareſt Italy. The other part was ſubdued, ſixty-two years after the victories which FABIUS obtained, by JULIUS CÆSAR, who employed ten years in the accompliſhment of the enterprize. You will probably wiſh me to cloſe this hiſtorical narrative, and therefore I ſubſcribe myſelf

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

VIGAN, JULY 12, 1784.

BALARUC, however inconſiderable and ruinous at preſent, appears from many traces to have been a place of ſome note amongſt the Romans. A part of the cauſeway between

 the

the town and baths (which are about a mile diſtant from each other) ſtill exiſts. Many medals and old coins, together with a piece of teſſelated pavement, have been found. In trenching the garden of the proprietor of the baths, was diſcovered a ſmall ſtatue of MERCURY in bronze. I was aſſured by him that it is entire, and bears the little cap, the winged feet, and every other mark which belongs to the meſſenger of JUPITER. It was preſented to a gentleman who lives, I believe, at Rome, and is in poſſeſſion of a large cabinet of antiquities. At Beziers, twenty-four miles from Balaruc, I ſaw, near the Inn, the remains of a ſmall amphitheatre; but after thoſe at Arles and Niſmes it deſerves not to be mentioned. I ſhall hereafter relate my expedition to Beziers: for the preſent it is my intention to confine myſelf to Balaruc.

In a former letter I acquainted you with my intention of going thither for the ſake of trying the

the waters, which are ſaid to poſſeſs ſo many virtues. The ſtrata of earth through which they paſs, contain a portion of ſulphur and other combuſtibles. In my walks I picked up pieces of *lava*, and burnt ſtones; and the people of the country informed me, that in remote times there had been a volcano. Hence originates the heat of the waters, which in warm weather is at forty-two degrees of REAUMUR's thermometer.* To render them of a proper temperature for bathing, they are lowered, not however by common water which might take away from the medicinal virtues, but by waters from the ſpring, drawn the preceding evening, and ſuffered to grow cold. The higheſt point at which I bathed was thirty. Dr. P. hoped that it might contribute to open the pores, and promote a free perſpiration. The firſt trial

* Forty-two degrees of REAUMUR's thermometer are nearly 130 upon FAHRENHEIT's ſcale.

 produced

produced no effect, the other four anſwered the end propoſed. Many paralyticks have bathed at thirty-five degrees. It is cuſtomary alſo to uſe the waters *internally*. The *moderate* doſe is from ſix to nine pounds. They are cathartick, and commonly ſo gentle as to produce no uneaſineſs in the bowels; a happineſs I did not experience in my own caſe. If it be aſked whether I have received benefit from the uſe of them, my anſwer is an unqualified negative; nor did I ſee any *bilious* diſorder in which they were more ſucceſsful. But in palſies they appear to have been eminently beneficial. Dr. P***, on his return to England, will preſent the publick with a liſt of the cures which have fallen under his obſervation.

Neither the air nor accommodations of Balaruc can contribute much to health, unleſs indeed to deſtroy it. It is ſituated in a flat, undrained country, by the ſide of a great *etang*,

or

or lake. The atmoſphere, thus empoiſoned, produces agues, and intermittent fevers, which I remarked to be common among the inhabitants. The houſes are old and ruinous, and the chambers full of filth and vermin. Fleas ſwarm in all of them, and the ſtranger has great reaſon to felicitate himſelf, if theſe be his only company; for in general he muſt chum with bugs and ſcorpions.

The ſoil is ſo arid as to produce little nouriſhment for trees. No ſhady walk affords defence againſt the ſultry ſun.

To ſettle myſelf during the ſummer months where I might have the benefit of walking-exerciſe, without expoſing myſelf to thoſe dangerous fevers which are ſuddenly brought on by a *coup de ſoleil*, I have by Dr. P***'s advice removed to this place. Adieu.

Ever your's,

B. H.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

AT Balaruc, among the other invalids, was a gentleman from Marſeilles who had lately been ſeized with the palſy. He was accompanied by his wife and nephew. The latter propoſed to join me in a trip to the royal canal. As this was one of the expeditions I had before intended, I gladly accepted his offer. He was rather of a diſputatious turn, and inclined to wreſt every thing in favour of the *grand Monarque*, with whom other princes could not ſtand in compariſon. Excluſive of this *petit defaut*, he was an agreeable and accommodating companion. We took boat at Balaruc, and ſailing upon the lake with a fair wind, ſhortly arrived at Agde, about four leagues diſtant. The minds of the people at that place were

were totally occupied by the undertaking of Monſieur GRONCHART, who has raiſed his name ſo high by the improvement of the port of Toulon. To accompliſh the ſame object at Agde, he has conſtructed curious cheſts, the outſide of which is defended againſt the influx of the water, after the ſame manner as a ſhip's bottom. Within are ſeveral ſquare pillars of wood, which are hollow, and have one end above, and the other below the cheſt. The other parts are filled with mud, ſtones, &c. and the cover is then fixed. The cheſt ſinks by its weight, and is made ſtable by driving through the hollow pillars large poles correſponding in ſize with the bore. Theſe cheſts, which ſhut one into the other, and form a compact whole, ſupply the foundation for the neceſſary buildings. I know not whether I have made myſelf underſtood: if I have given you but a feeble idea of the deſign, I am ſatisfied. As GRON-

CHART

CHART has ſucceeded ſo well at Toulon, where the wave of the Mediterranean is forcible, it is imagined that he cannot fail at Agde, where he has a river only to oppoſe him. The merchants aſſert, that when the entrance to their harbour is rendered commodious, they ſhall become maſters of the trade between Languedoc and Provence. But the people of Cette, who now engroſs it, contend that GRONCHART himſelf cannot make the port of Agde equal to theirs.

The lake which we had traverſed opens at one end into the Mediterranean, and at the other is joined near Agde by the royal canal, which extends from thence, through a very unequal country, to Toulouſe, a diſtance of 180 miles. There the goods are embarked on the Garonne, which empties itſelf into the weſtern ocean near to Bourdeaux. The great reſervoir at St. Ferrol, which conſtantly provides the canal with water, is itſelf ſupplied by three

three rivers. The voyage to Toulouſe is performed in two days and a half, and the freight is very inconſiderable.

The noble idea of eſtabliſhing an inland communication between the Mediterranean and the Atlantick, will immortalize the memory of Louis XIV.* I know not what foundation there is for the account that the Romans had a wiſh to execute the ſame plan, but were terrified by the difficulties.

Of the manner in which veſſels are made to aſcend mountains I have forborne to ſpeak, becauſe it is effected by ſluices on the ſame principle as at Stourbridge in Worceſterſhire. Near Beziers are nine of them riſing one above another. That town is ſituated upon a hill, and commands from the terrace, or Belvidere, a

* I rather think that the merit of the deſign belongs not to the King, but to one Paul Riquet.

beautiful

beautiful view of the river Orbe meandring through a rich valley circumſcribed by mountains.

We were abſent but two days. The firſt night we ſlept at Beziers: the next morning we purſued the banks of the canal on horſeback as far as the *montagne percée*,* and returned to Beziers to breakfaſt; thence we went to Agde to dinner, and by night were again at Balaruc. I found my account in ſuffering the Frenchman to manage upon the road, for he was too well acquainted with the cuſtomary charges to yield to the leaſt impoſition.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

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* A mountain perforated to make a paſſage for the water of the canal.

LETTER XX.

TO *Y. H.* ESQ.

VIGAN, JULY 24, 1784.

THIS little place is dirty, and ill-built; but, being the reſort of many genteel families during the ſummer months, has a few handſome and well-furniſhed houſes. It is incloſed by mountains truly bold and romantick, one riſing above another to an height, which the dilated eye cannot meaſure without difficulty. *Some* are cultivated by the hand of induſtry to the very ſummit; and their ſides are adorned, here with gentlemen's ſeats, and hanging gardens, there with villages, which ſometimes offer themſelves to full view among vineyards, ſometimes lie concealed in part among thick groves of cheſnut-trees, or olives. In thoſe ſhades I

frepuently

frequently wander, and freely indulge thought. *Others*, incapable of improvement, retain the rude, but majeſtick form of nature, and are crowned by maſſy crags in the form of battlements, &c. &c. How ſtrikingly pleaſing is this contraſt! In the vallies runs a river, which, though peaceful in its courſe at this ſeaſon of the year, becomes in the winter a roaring torrent. Aſſemble, my dear Sir, theſe objects in your imagination, then add to the ſcene the ſilver rays of the moon in her full orb, which piercing through the trees dance on the ſurface of the ſtream beneath; and let fancy afterwards exert her full force to gain, if poſſible, an idea of more pictureſque imagery. This is not merely the account of one *choſen* ſpot. The Cevennes, being a long chain of mountains, abound in beauties of the ſame kind. The admirers of nature may here gratify their taſte to the full.

I have

I have made ſeveral little expeditions further up into the country. One of them, in which I was accompanied by two Engliſh ladies, merits a detail. We had been informed that there was, about nine miles diſtant, a curious cavern of an immenſe ſize. I would fain have walked, but the ladies inſiſted that I ſhould hire an aſs, and go thither in the ſame ſtyle as themſelves. Theſe animals are conſiderably ſafer than the horſes of the country, nor could horſes have travelled where we paſſed. The road was as narrow as a foot-path, and covered with looſe ſtones; it ran along the edge of a precipice, ſo that one falſe ſtep might in a moment have hurled us into eternity. The ſlow and tireſome pace of theſe beaſts, their frequent fits of obſtinacy, the numerous delays from the rottenneſs of French tackle, were ſo many trials of our patience. On our arrival it would have been ſatisfactory to have known the hour of the

the day, but we had forgotten our watches. Although we had left Vigan before ſix in the morning, we imagined, from the height of the ſun, that it was near mid-day. Being in need of refreſhment, we called for our cold proviſions, and, ſeated in the ſhade formed by a projecting rock, ſatisfied the imperious demands of appetite. The remains were quickly devoured by two guides. The man who had undertaken that office confeſſed his total ignorance at the *firſt* village, and obliged us to accept the ſervices of an old woman. I ſhould, by way of puniſhment, have diſmiſſed him, but that we found him uſeful in leading the aſſes over the very rough places. Our repaſt being finiſhed, we lighted the torches, and were conducted, by a ſhort and eaſy deſcent, into the cavern. Exceſs of wonder ſtruck us for a time ſpeechleſs, and we looked at each other, deſirous, though incapable, of giving language to our emotions.

It

It conſiſts (if I may uſe the expreſſion) of ſeveral chambers, one within the other. The perpetual diſtillation of water has formed petrifactions of various ſhapes, and the mind is each moment employed in aſſimilation. Juſt within the entrance is a little hollow in the form of a centinel's box, for which reaſon it is ſo called. One of the chambers exactly reſembles a large ſaloon ſupported by pillars of a great height, ſome plain, ſome fluted, ſome of ſurpriſingly juſt proportion; and on the ſides are niches, canopies, feſtoons, &c. As the whole is either a peculiar kind of ſpar, or water cryſtallized, you can eaſily conceive the brilliancy occaſioned by the light of our flambeaus.

But my thoughts were not totally taken up in tracing theſe ſimilitudes. In the days of perſecution the proteſtants ſought refuge in the Cevennes mountains. Too ſtrongly impreſſed with the truth of their tenets to ſubmit

through

through fear to a vile recantation, they privately held their religious aſſemblies in ſubterraneous receſſes. A proteſtant miniſter having informed me, that in this ſad aſylum he had frequently harangued his brethren; here, ſaid I to myſelf, ſtood a liſtening crowd collected round their preacher, and exhorted by him, in the warm language of enthuſiaſm, to continue firm in their faith, and bid defiance to tyranny. I ſee depicted in their countenances an unſhaken reſolution to practiſe, in deſpite of danger and death itſelf, the duties of their religion.

My mind next paſſed to the contemplation of an heroick deed, the particulars of which I cannot forbear to relate.

On the road from Montpelier to this place is a ſmall town called Ganges, where I ſtayed two hours. A gentleman, perceiving me to be a ſtranger, accoſted me in the ſtreet, and deſired

to

to know if he could render me any ſervice. I was in queſt of a coffee-houſe, where he not only accompanied me, but would not ſuffer me to pay for my breakfaſt. We were ſhortly joined by another perſon, who remained with me after the former had taken his leave. I then found, upon inquiry, that for theſe civilities I was indebted to a Monſieur F——, who had ſignalized himſelf by an inſtance of magnanimity, which muſt render him ever dear to the lovers of virtue. His father, returning from ſome retired ſpot where he had been preaching to his congregation, was ſeized by the troops ſent to apprehend the fanaticks, the name by which the proteſtants are conſtantly diſtinguiſhed. They bind him; while they are conducting him to the gallies, his ſon, hearing the ſad intelligence, arrives, falls down at the feet of the officer, ſupplicates him not to load with chains an infirm man already bending with

the weight of years, and offers himſelf a priſoner in the room of an aged and indulgent parent. Gratified by a compliance with his requeſt, this exalted character was condemned to paſs ſeven years of impriſonment and hard labour in the ſociety of the loweſt criminals. I ſhould have been glad to hear that the father had contended for glory with his ſon, and had refuſed to accept a liberty ſo dearly bought.

If to admire illuſtrious actions, and love the authors of them, be one ſtep towards the imitation of their bright example, I will hazard the declaration, that I have entered the paths of virtue. No ſooner had I heard Monſieur F——'s ſtory, than I felt an *immediate* regard for him; a powerful *ſomething* ſtill attracts me to him, and makes me delight in his company. Can ancient Rome, ſo fertile in great names, produce a more ſtriking inſtance of filial piety? It hurts me to think that an indifferent drama,

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in which fact is confounded with fable, is the only attempt to reſcue from oblivion an exploit worthy of immortal applauſe.

The levity, ſo juſtly attributed to the French, is no part of Monſieur F——'s diſpoſition. I cannot ſuppoſe that he ever had any, but if he had, adverſity has ſubdued it. What pleaſure is it to ſtudy the very features of eminent men! The dignity which ſits on his brow correſponds well with the temper of his mind. Each time I contemplate his firm and manly countenance, I ſee him ſtern and unrepentant, ſubmitting to the chains of tyrant power with the air of triumphant virtue.

This gentleman is a tradeſman at Ganges, and but for this event might have paſſed through life in obſcurity. Unlooked-for opportunity frequently brings to light excellencies, before unknown even to the poſſeſſor; but *all* opportunities ought not to be objects of deſire to

thoſe who aſpire after renown. Who would wiſh to ſee his family or friends oppreſſed, that he might place his own good qualities in a conſpicuous point of view? But who, if ſo ſad a moment arrived, would not with ardour ſacrifice himſelf to redeem them from every evil which had fallen on their *innocent* heads?

I rejoice to think that the proteſtants no longer ſuffer ſuch hardſhips as Monſieur F——; but I feel pain in the conſideration that the ſanguinary laws againſt them, being unrepealed, may again be put into force. The unextinguiſhed fires may again be blown into a flame. I feel pain alſo when I look at the *preſent* ſituation of theſe ſectaries. A very few years paſt the troops were ſent in queſt of them every Sunday, but had private orders to avoid the place where they might be found. It is true, indeed, that this ridiculous form no longer exiſts; nevertheleſs, they may be conſidered as a

proſcribed

proſcribed race, againſt whom the gates to the temple of fame are ſhut. Aſhamed am I to acknowledge, even in thought, that the ſame rigorous excluſion from places of truſt and honour prevails in our own country. Sound politicks require an eſtabliſhed church, but ſuch laws only are juſtifiable as are eſſential to the defence of it.* Theſe ought not, like DRACO's, to be written with blood, but be armed only with that *exact* degree of coercion which is requiſite to enforce their obſervance. Every unneceſſary reſtraint of liberty is ſlavery, but ſlavery of conſcience is the worſt of ſlavery. May the governments of the world ſoon be convinced that nothing diſgraces the national character ſo much as intolerance! Adieu.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate ſon,

B. H.

* This is ſhallow reaſoning, and a full anſwer to it may be ſeen in my little Tract on the Teſt Laws.

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LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME.

CETTE, AUG. 28, 1784.

YOU will obſerve that the account given you in my laſt of Monſieur F——, is an indiſputable fact. I examined it with all the caution of doubt, being convinced that nothing works ſo powerfully upon the heart as an artful tale, pathetically delivered, of ſufferings in the cauſe of religion, and that the mind of the hearer is in general too ſenſibly affected to inveſtigate the truth with nicety. When I was at Montpelier, on my journey from Vigan to this place, I went one day, upon the invitation of my countryman Mr. W——, to dine with him and his ſon at an ordinary. At the table there was, among the reſt, a young man, dreſſed

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in a handſome ſuit of ſilk, who, on hearing us talk Engliſh, joined in the converſation. He was alſo well acquainted with the Latin, the French, the Italian, and the Spaniſh, all of which he ſpoke with great fluency. He was accompliſhed in his manners, and had indeed all the appearance of a man of faſhion. He requeſted me to drink coffee with him after dinner, but this I declined, ſignifying that I was the gueſt of Mr. W——; who, hearing my reply, politely begged him to accompany us to his lodgings. He was prevailed on without difficulty. Before he had been five minutes in the room, he commenced his oration.

"Here is a certificate under the hand of Monſieur VERGENNES, firſt miniſter of the court of Verſailles; here is another ſubſcribed by the Pope. Both theſe ſhew me to be a perſon of diſtinction, the ſon of DON PEDRO DI S——, a grandee of Spain. I was ſent in my early

early years to Rome, where I was educated, and by intenſe application made a progreſs in the languages. When I had finiſhed my ſtudies, I returned to Spain, and was placed by my father in the army. Being of a reflecting turn of mind, which I had enlarged by extenſive reading, I directed my thoughts to many points in the Roman Catholick religion, which had ſhocked my underſtanding. I could not reconcile the idea of Chriſt's real preſence in a bit of bread. That a fellow-creature, made of the ſame fleſh and blood as myſelf, ſhould be inveſted with the power of pardoning ſins, appeared to me equally monſtrous. Theſe ſentiments I communicated to the publick in print, without adding my name. I was nevertheleſs diſcovered to be the author, and thrown into the inquiſition. The prieſts tried to make me recant what they called my errors, but as I was too firm to ſubmit, with a hot iron they ſtamped upon

upon my arm a crucified Saviour, and treated me with every kind of inhumanity. At length, after a cruel captivity of eighteen months, I was liberated by the interceſſion of a nobleman's wife, who procured my releaſe on condition of quitting my country for ever. Difficult of digeſtion as the terms were, I conſented; and made the beſt of my way to England, where I formally abjured the Catholick doctrines. During my ſtay there I received letters from my father, in which he aſſured me, that if I would give my word never more to meddle with matters of religion, I might not only again ſet foot on my native ground, but even be admitted to honours. Upon this I quitted England, and ſet off for Paris; but the French miniſter adviſes me not to adopt my father's counſel. He imagines, that ſoon after my return the prieſts would find ſome plea for bringing me to the ſtake. I have therefore reſolved, ſince there

are ſo many Proteſtants in Languedoc, to ſet up as a language-maſter at Niſmes. I have a letter of recommendation to a gentleman of that place from a Chevalier of ST. LOUIS. It is my intention to go thither to-morrow morning. My carriage was ſold at Toulouſe to pay my reckoning; and I have now ſent the landlady to ſell my ring, the only valuable I have, that I may be able to effect my ſcheme of departure. My ſpirit, thank heaven, however preſſing my neceſſities may be, will not allow me to aſk any thing from others. It is not eaſy to forget that I am the ſon of DON PEDRO, and the ſon of DON PEDRO can never ſupplicate charity."

This ſad ſtory was delivered with tears in his eyes, and accompanied with the moſt moving geſtures. We all felt the ſame deſire to aſſiſt him, but feared to carry our benevolent intentions into effect, leſt we ſhould give offence to this

this haughty, but diſtreſſed Spaniard. Buſineſs called me to my lodging; I took my leave, and promiſed ſoon to rejoin the party, making no doubt that I ſhould find it undiminiſhed. After my departure he taught his pride to accept the ſmall ſum of ſix livres. Had he waited a little longer, he would probably have received ſomething more, but he could not be perſuaded to ſtay until my return. He muſt have ſuſpected that I was gone to make enquiries, or to give information againſt him. It was even my deſign to follow him to the inn, and preſent him with a trifle; but I luckily met with an Iriſh gentleman, by whom this impoſtor had been detected. Mr. W—— is determined never more to invite an abſolute ſtranger to his chambers; and, for my own part, I fear that in future I ſhall be inclined to doubt truth itſelf, ſince I am taught by this villain how well it may be counterfeited.

But

But it is better to be ſometimes the dupe of artifice, than be led by ſuſpicion to cloſe the hand againſt real diſtreſs.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXII.

TO *I. H.* ESQ.

MARSEILLES, SEPT. 7, 1784.

HAVING been adviſed by an able phyſician to take a ſea-voyage, I went to Cette, whence many veſſels conſtantly ſet ſail for Italy. After ſtaying there ſeveral days a weſterly wind aroſe, and I embarked in a tartane bound to Nice with a cargo of wine. As the Spaniards and Italians are at war with the Algerines, I gave the

the preference to a French veſſel. I agreed for my paſſage at two louis and a half, for which the captain ſtipulated to carry me, my ſervant, and trunks. With proviſions I was to ſupply myſelf. Before we had been many hours at ſea, the wind became ſo calm that we made little way during the night; and in the morning it ſhifted to the North-eaſt. The captain rather expected, that as the ſun declined, it would turn more to Weſtward; but it continued in the ſame quarter, and blew ſo violently that he judged it moſt ſafe to return. It would have been as uſeleſs as dangerous to have kept the ſeas, for it was impoſſible to proceed on our voyage. At nine in the evening, the ſame hour at which we had departed the day before, we again entered Cette harbour. Our labour was loſt, and we had incurred no inconſiderable degree of peril. Two other veſſels faced about alſo. A French marine officer

officer was paſſenger in one of them. Neither he nor I had much inclination to expoſe ourſelves a ſecond time during the equinox to the gulph of Lyons. We agreed to hire a carriage, and go together to this place, where a paſſage to the Italian ports may be taken almoſt every day.

On our road we met ſeveral parties of ſoldiers. My companion, the French officer, told me that the regiments ſeldom ſtay long in the ſame quarters. They are ſupported, ſaid he, by the municipality at each place through which they march, and the miniſter of the military department pockets their pay until they become ſtationary.

At Aix I was informed that the plague was in Italy, ſome ſaid at Genoa, ſome at Leghorn, others on the coaſt of Ancona. When I reached this city, I found that the inhabitants had been greatly alarmed, and not without reaſon.

ſon. A ſhip arrived from Smyrna: the porters, who lodged the goods in the Lazaret, are ſince dead. She was ordered inſtantly to quit the ſhore.

It is *fair* time. There is always ſuch a crowd of people here as to make it difficult to paſs, but *now* it is prodigious. The *cours*, a very long, wide ſtreet, is lined with booths on each ſide, and forms a *tres joli coup d'œil*. My next will, I hope, be dated from Italy.

Your's &c.

B. H.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

LEGHORN, SEPT. 18, 1784.

I Embarked at Marſeilles early in the morning of the 13th inſtant, and arrived here yeſterday evening. This paſſage is ſeldom ſo long. The ſea was in general too calm; ſometimes for twenty-four hours we were ſcarcely in motion. The whole morning of the 17th we were in an abſolute ſtate of reſt, ſo near to Corſica that I could diſtinctly ſee the men and cattle. The ſun ſhone brightly: the ſmaller kind of fiſh formed playful groupes upon the ſurface, while the larger, with uplifted heads, ſpouted the water high into the air. In the evening we were favoured with a freſh South-weſt wind, which towards night began to grow ſtrong.

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The captain drew in almoſt all his ſails, ſo that I could not help aſking him how he could expect a bird to fly if his wings were clipped. He judged, however, prudently. He knew that his veſſel was of no ſize, and greatly overladen. He was afraid of ſtriking in the night againſt the ſmall iſland of Gorgona, which is only an uninhabited rock. At break of day, perceiving it a few leagues off, we crowded ſail, and by night reached the ſhores of Italy. We produced our bills of health, and were admitted without delay. The captain, his ſon, and two boys, were our ſhip's company. The paſſengers conſiſted of three ſailors, an Italian cook, a Spaniſh friar, my ſervant, and ſelf. In the little cabin were four cots, one of which fell to my ſhare. No light or air could enter but through the crevices of the door. On account of the vermin I durſt not pull off my clothes the whole voyage, ſo that

you may ſuppoſe I never ſlept long at a time. The Spaniard could talk no other languages than Spaniſh and Latin. Of the former I am entirely ignorant, and in the latter I have never been uſed to converſe. You muſt likewiſe take into the account, that the pronunciation of Latin on the continent is far different from our's. After a day or two, however, we contrived, by means of it, to convey our thoughts to each other. My lodgings are very comfortable, and I hope to recruit myſelf by a night's repoſe. I had ſcarcely been here half an hour, when I heard a company of muſicians under my window. After playing two or three tunes, they gave me to underſtand, that their object was to congratulate *illuſtriſſimo Signor* on his happy arrival. Such a title could not fail to draw half-a-crown out of my purſe. As every perſon who enters the town is obliged to give an account of himſelf, and of the hotel where he intends to lodge,

the

the name and reſidence of every ſtranger are immediately made known to the band.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXIV.

TO *J. H.* ESQ.

ROME, OCT. 1, 1784.

YOU will naturally expect me to ſend you ſome information reſpecting the trade of Leghorn. I endeavoured to gain light upon the ſubject, but my want of acquaintance, and the ſhort time I paſſed there, muſt plead my excuſe, if you, ſo converſant in theſe matters, ſhould judge my remarks undeſerving of attention.

In walking the ſtreets you ſee people of all nations in the different habits of their reſpective

countries. This multitude of foreigners ariſes from the unlimited traffick allowed by the Grand Duke. The Engliſh, French, and Dutch, bring their merchandiſe to market, and by this competition, eſtabliſhed among the ſellers, the buyers are furniſhed with well-executed commodities at the cheapeſt rate. France, from the high price and inferior texture of her cloths, has been obliged to cede that article to England. A whole ſtreet, in which are the beſt houſes of the town, is inhabited by Jews and Armenians, who are the principal merchants. They diſpoſe of their purchaſes in other parts of Italy, and in return take the produce of the country. The mountains of Lucca, a range of immenſe length and breadth, are one grove of olives, and have the reputation of producing oil of the beſt quality. Of this a ſmall quantity is embarked at Viareggio, the only port in the Lucqueſe territory; the remainder

mainder is ſent by land to Piſa, and thence by a commodious canal to Leghorn, where, together with ſilk, wine, &c. it furniſhes a back cargo to the ſhips which brought the imports.

The two ports lie one within the other; but the water in them is ſo ſhallow, that veſſels of bulk, not being able to enter, are obliged to remain in the road. A large light-houſe is erected near the ſhore; and on the iſland of Meliora is the white tower built by ELIZABETH queen of England, after having loſt two ſhips on that coaſt. As great care has been taken to render the harbour ſafe and eaſy of acceſs, ſo nothing has been omitted which has a tendency to accommodate trade. The publick magazines for corn, oil, &c. are conſtructed in the moſt ſolid and convenient manner. There the merchant may depoſit his goods until he has met with a purchaſer, and on taking them out pays a ſmall ſatisfaction.

Thus

Thus commerce, uncramped by impoſts, and furniſhed with every advantage, has room to diſplay her ſtrongeſt exertions. It was a maſterſtroke of politicks in the houſe of MEDICIS to declare Leghorn a free port. They have thus augmented their revenues. The crowds of ſtrangers increaſe conſumption, and all the neceſſaries of life are loaded with a duty. I have frequently ſeen the fruit-women pay it at the gates, where every thing undergoes an examination.

Now I am upon the ſubject of taxes, I cannot forbear to mention one, which, if not peculiar to Leghorn, is certainly very uncommon.

The proſtitutes occupied a particular ſtreet, called Livorno-vecchio. A law was made, by which it was enacted, that every woman reſiding there, at that or any future time, ſhould purchaſe a licence for the practice of incontinence. In lieu of the licence, which the preſent

ſent Grand Duke has remitted, they are now obliged to take out a permit for every trip into the country.

The reaſon that theſe aſſeſſments never diminiſhed the number of inhabitants in Livorno-vecchio is obvious. Had the ſum required been ſo great as to preclude the hope of reimburſement from their viſitors, it might have occaſioned the venal fair to change their quarters; but being only a trifle, they claim at leaſt ſuch an advance for their favours as to indemnify themſelves. Perhaps they are infected by the *mercantile* ſpirit, and turn the tax to profit; like the inn-keepers of England, who, when a penny *per* horſe was put upon poſting, did not add it to the old price of nine-pence, but, inſtead of eleven-pence per mile for a pair, demand a ſhilling.

The ſole motive of the Tuſcan Dukes muſt have been revenue. They never could have imagined,

imagined, that to ſubject vice to an expence in *one* part of a place, from which it is exempt in *another*, could in any degree operate to the reſtraint of it. They muſt, beſides, have known that, by authoriſing an action for a pecuniary conſideration, they intimate that there is no inherent wickedneſs in it.

The town is near two miles in circumference, and ſaid to contain (including foreigners) eighty thouſand ſouls. The houſes are well built, the ſtreets are well paved, and clean. Carts paſs every night to collect the filth contracted during the day.

Where trade prevails, you ſeldom find any publick edifices which mark taſte; each perſon follows his own buſineſs, and is contented if his affairs be in a thriving ſtate. "La Piazza "Grande, (ſays Mr. ADDISON in his travels) is "one of the largeſt, and *will* be one of the moſt "beautiful ſquares in Italy, when the ſtatue of "the

" the Grand Duke, now ſtanding near the port, " is placed in the middle, and a town-houſe is " erected *vis à vis* to the church." Hence I collect that ſuch a plan was then in agitation, but not a ſingle ſtep has been taken to carry it into execution. The ſtatue is not yet removed from its old ſituation.

The foreigners, who are not profeſſors of the Catholick religion, have beſtowed ſome expence upon their churches. I except the Engliſh, who have no publick building of that kind, but aſſemble at the conſul's every Sunday for the purpoſe of ſocial worſhip.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate ſon,

B. H.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

ROME, OCT. 6, 1784.

I Had the choice of three roads from Leghorn to Florence: the direct is in bad condition, and offers nothing curious; another goes by way of Piſa, and thence ſtraight to Florence, which lengthens the journey about twelve miles; a third takes in both Piſa and Lucca, which makes a difference of twenty miles. As entertainment is my object, I preferred the laſt.

But, before my departure, ſome ceremonies were neceſſary. In ſtrictneſs I ought to have ſent my luggage to the cuſtom-houſe, that it might be ſeen whether I had any goods liable to a duty. Two of the officers, to ſave me that trouble, waited on me at my lodgings. They looked at the uppermoſt article of my clothes,

and

and declared themſelves ſatisfied. I underſtood their meaning, and complimented them with five pauls, for which the *bolla*, or ſeal of the cuſtom-houſe, was immediately affixed to my trunk. The paſſport was made out for Florence, which I was aſſured would free me the whole way from ſimilar inquiries, unleſs I took off the *bolla*. The traveller ſhould, therefore, put in his night-ſack a few ſhirts, and what elſe may be ſerviceable to him *en route*. I had ſome idea that Lucca being another ſtate, I muſt have gone through the farce of a ſecond examination, which would have produced a third on re-entering Tuſcany. The officers at Leghorn adviſed me, if any difficulties were ſtarted at Lucca, to offer poſſeſſion of my keys during my ſtay, but it was not neceſſary: through the influence of a ſmall fee, no ſearch was demanded.

Piſa is a very handſome old town, divided into two parts by the Arno, on the banks of which

which is a fine wharf. Being a Univerſity, it ſerves as a reſidence to many *literati*; but it is not half peopled. It is truly ſaid that graſs grows in the ſtreets. Mr. ADDISON, in his inveſtigation of the cauſe, ſpeaks to the following effect: "Leghorn, being a free port, is the "reſort of all the young people deſirous of "meliorating their condition. Hence Piſtoia "preſents the ſame deſolated appearance as "Piſa. No manufactures are encouraged in "order to put a ſtop to ſuch emigrations." But Mr. ADDISON's ſolution ſtill leaves a difficulty. Why does not the Grand Duke promote manufactures in thoſe towns? Does it proceed from neglect, or from policy? If from the latter, does he wiſh to prevent the increaſe of their numbers, leſt they ſhould aſpire to that independence they once enjoyed?

The objects of curioſity in Piſa, and its neighbourhood, are the cathedral, the baptiſtery,

tiſtery, the leaning tower, the *campo ſanto*, and the baths.

The cathedral was built in the eleventh century, and may be called a fine Gothick ſtructure. There are ſome good paintings, but its moſt ſtriking beauty is the gate of braſs, on which is engraved, in the moſt admirable manner, the hiſtory of the Old and New Teſtament. The compartments are ſmall, and though there be many figures, each is very diſtinct. This is the work of JOHN DE BOULOGNE.

The baptiſtery, as well as the cathedral, is decorated with a profuſion of marble. The font and chair are executed with great taſte.

If you ſtand under the *campanile*, or leaning tower, you would ſuppoſe that it was about to fall. It was erected in the twelfth century by WILLIAM D'ALMAN, is of a cylindrical form, and has eight rounds of columns one above another. From the top to the bottom it is one hundred

hundred and eighty-eight feet, and the baſe lies out of the perpendicular about twelve feet. I know that the opinions are divided: ſome think that it was built in that form; others, that its inclination was occaſioned by the ſinking of the ground. The foundation certainly appears to have given way on that ſide.

Il campo ſanto is a burying-place incloſed by a kind of cloiſter in the Gothick ſtile. It is called *holy* from the earth which was conveyed thither from Jeruſalem by the Piſans, when they went to the aſſiſtance of FREDERIC I. ſirnamed BARBAROSSA. This earth is reputed to have the property of totally conſuming a carcaſe in nine days. The different ſtages which the body undergoes, at the end of each three days, are miſerably exhibited in *freſco* on the walls, which are every where daubed in the ſame manner. The ſubjects are taken from ſacred hiſtory. Some of the *bas reliefs* on the tombs

tombs have their merit, particularly that of the boar and MELEAGER. The ſtatue of a woman extended, and covered with a ſhroud, has neither head nor arms; nor can I diſcover the nice execution, of which Dr. SMOLLET ſpeaks ſo rapturouſly.

The baths are ſituated about five miles from the town, at the foot of the Lucqueſe mountains. They are hot or cold, publick or private. The *douches* are applicable with eaſe to every part of the body. The invalid has, indeed, every convenience. As the waters have an aperient quality, there is a covered walk, where the patient may, in wet weather, take his exerciſe, and aſſiſt their operation. Thoſe who lodge in the houſe, by throwing open the doors of their chambers, may join in the performance of maſs; for the chapel ſtands in the centre, and is ſo conſtructed as to circulate the ſound. What a contraſt to the baths of Bala-

ruc,

ruc, where neither cleanlineſs nor accommodation are to be found!

Every three years a feaſt of an extraordinary nature is celebrated at Piſa. I wiſh it had ſo fallen out as to have taken place when I was there. The inhabitants on the different ſides of the marble bridge, armed with bludgeons, diſpute the paſs. The contending parties have different uniforms, and commence the action at a ſignal given. The battle is always furious, and ſometimes attended with loſs of life. The origin of this *diverſion* is uncertain.

I am now ſtruck with the recollection of a *joute*, practiſed at Cette, in Languedoc. On the feſtival of St. Louis, the 25th of Auguſt, there is a kind of *naumachia* in the port. The combatants on one ſide are diſtinguiſhed by blue, on the other by red jackets. At one end of the boats is fixed a ladder inclining upwards, on the

the top of which ſtands the champion, his left arm bearing a ſhield, his right a long pole by way of ſpear. Each places himſelf in the attitude beſt calculated both for offence and reſiſtance. Their object is not to do a perſonal injury, but to try who can ſucceed in throwing the other into the water. They are very expert in ſwimming, but if that were not the caſe, the water is not deep enough to be dangerous. As the boats paſs each other, a mutual thruſt is given. He who puſhes with the greateſt force, and aims ſo as to ſtrike his adverſary's ſhield in the centre, is always the victor. The match is ſometimes ſo equal, that both, after having made the aſſault, totter and recover, or totter and fall into the water. He who overthrows the greateſt number, without being once overthrown himſelf, is triumphant, and bears away the prize. The manlineſs of this ſport afforded me great delight. One is immediately

ſeized with an unaccountable preference: it proved no ſlight mortification to me that my favourite failed in the enterpriſe.

Ought we not to encourage ſimilar practices in our own country? Good policy requires that ſuch amuſements be choſen for the people, as will preſerve the body in health, and the mind in vigour. On this principle games were inſtituted by the antients.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXVI.

TO *H. H.* ESQ.

ROME, OCT. 6, 1784.

THE territory of Lucca is but forty miles in length, and fifteen in breadth; and only deſerves notice on account of its political inſtitutions.

The

The form of government is an ariſtocracy, but every reſtriction is employed to prevent its degeneration into an oligarchy.

The legiſlative aſſembly conſiſts of *all* the nobles. To make a houſe, eighty muſt be preſent: to make a law, three parts muſt be unanimous.

Great power is of very ſhort duration, that the abuſe of it may be, as much as poſſible, excluded. The *Gonfaloniere* holds his employment only two months, and then returns to his private ſtation. *Il Gonfaloniere*, ſaid my landlord, *non mangia altro che ſeſſanta due mineſtre nel palazzo.* There are nine other magiſtrates, called *Anziani*, who continue in office no longer than their preſident, the *Gonfaloniere.* In theſe ten the ſupreme executive authority is veſted. But how are they choſen? A council of thirty-ſix nobles elect about two hundred of their own order, whoſe

names are thrown into a box. The ten who are drawn cannot refuſe to ſerve. The box is repleniſhed every two years, or two years and a half.

The judicial power is lodged in five perſons. The chief is named *Il Podeſta*. *He* tries the criminal cauſes; the civil are the province of the other *four*. They are all appointed by the council, and muſt be foreigners, that they may be free from partiality. The ſenate cannot alter a verdict in *civil* caſes: in *criminal* they have the power of pardoning, if the offence be capital.

The laws are calculated to ſhut out luxury: no one is permitted to wear gold or ſilver lace, except the *Gonfaloniere*.

In the *l' uffizio dell abondanza* are depoſited the wheat and other grain bought by the publick treaſury. In times of dearth it is ſold at a cheap rate, and ſometimes even diſtributed gratis

gratis to thoſe who are in real diſtreſs. Idlers and vagabonds are ſet to hard labour.

The military department has of late been very much neglected. The militia formerly amounted to twenty thouſand, but at preſent there are not more than one thouſand in the uſe of arms.

May we not trace, in the government and laws of this little ſtate, many of the excellent regulations of the ancient republicks?

The Lucqueſe and Florentines deteſt each other; the former, though their country be of ſmall extent, poſſeſs the noble ſpirit of independence. It is a proverbial ſaying with them, that one Lucqueſe is equal in fight to five Florentines.

The Lucqueſe are a very laborious people. Every foot of ground is cultivated and turned to the beſt account. Their mountains are covered with olives, ſo that the making of oil

is

is one of their principal occupations. They have a large manufactory of ſilk, and raiſe many worms for that purpoſe. The town is properly called *Lucca l' induſtrioſa.*

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXVII.

TO *J. H.* ESQ.

ROME, OCT. 23, 1784.

WITH what delight did I paſs a few days at Florence!

The preſent Grand Duke has increaſed the ſalaries of his ſervants, and affixed to the principal door of the celebrated gallery a prohibition to give fees. Thus I had many opportunities of viſiting this grand repoſitory of the arts; indeed it was my morning and evening walk.

walk. How much better is this than to be hurried along by a ſervant incapable of giving a ſatisfactory explanation, and impatient to obtain his reward! Such judicious conduct in the government has been followed with other conſequences than the mere accommodation of travellers. Florence is become the ſchool of the polite arts. In every part of the gallery were young ſtudents, taking copies of the works which are in the higheſt eſteem.

The gods and demigods of old ſuggeſted to my remembrance what I believed to have forgotten, and thus afforded me a pleaſing proof that I had retained more of the fruits of my former ſtudies than I had imagined. SPENCE, in his Polymetis, has made it appear, that the buſts and ſtatues of antiquity, and the Greek and Roman claſſicks, ſerve to explain each other. ADDISON cites many inſtances in illuſtration

tration of the ſame point. I know, from experience, that their ideas are well founded.

I derived alſo great ſatisfaction from another ſource. I was carried back to the important events of remote times, by contemplating the repreſentation of thoſe who brought them to paſs. The numerous buſts of Roman Emperors preſented to me the hiſtory of their lives.

Without underſtanding the laws of criticiſm in the fine arts, I dwell with warmth on ſymmetry of ſhape, expreſſion of countenance, and every ſentimental touch of the ſkilful artiſt; nor can I refrain from enumerating ſuch pieces of ſculpture, or painting, as pleaſed me moſt, although I am well perſuaded that an adequate idea cannot be communicated.

The moſt ſtriking in the gallery among the *ancient* ſtatues are, BACCHUS leaning on a fawn, FLORA, POMONA, NARCISSUS, GANYMEDE, and above all, the MERCURY in bronze ſtanding tip-toe

tip-toe on the mouth of a Zephyr. Than this laſt nothing can be more light or airy. Among the *modern*, the BACCHUS of LANVOISIN, and the LAOCOON of BANDINELLI, ſtand foremoſt.

In the adjoining rooms are the VENUS *de Medicis*, the Wreſtlers, the Spy, the Fawn, the APOLLO *Belvidere*, the VENUS *victrix* with a globe in her hand, the VENUS *pudica*, the VENUS drying herſelf after coming out of the baths, the NIOBE and her children, &c.

But I cannot enough lament that ſome of the ſtatues, moſt to be valued for their ſculpture, afford no deciſive proof whom they repreſent, or whoſe chiſſel gave them form. It is contended that the VENUS *de Medicis* ought to have been called PHRYNE, the Athenian courtezan; and that the inſcription, declaring it to be the work of CLEOMENES, is comparatively of modern date, ſo that it is quite uncertain whether the merit belong to him, or to either or none

none of the other claimants, PHIDIAS, ALCAMENES, SCOPAS, and PRAXITELES. The Spy, ſcarcely inferior in renown to the Venus, is alſo a ſubject of conteſt. He ſuſpends the act of whetting his knife, and appears in the attitude of liſtening. Hence he is by ſome ſuppoſed to be a ſlave, who accidentally overheard the deliberations of the Catiline conſpiracy, and gave information of it to the conſul. But if credit be due to SALLUST, the intelligence came to the ears of TULLY in a very different manner. Others ſay that he is the executioner, who, having prepared the deadly inſtrument, is expecting the final order of APOLLO to flay MARSYAS. Others again give him the name of MILICO. Beſide theſe, many other conjectures have been raiſed. The ſtatue at the end of the gallery, on which is engraved the following ſentence,

" Ut potui, huc veni, Delphis et fratre relicto,"

may

may well have puzzled Mr. ADDISON. It is now looked upon to be BACCHUS returning with the ſpoils of the Delphick temple; but there is no more reaſon to think it a BACCHUS than an APOLLO. Where the ſmalleſt room for doubt occurs, a thouſand extravagancies are ſtarted; and tricks are ſometimes uſed to make one figure paſs for another. Mr. DUTENS, in his Itinerary, ſpeaks of a beautiful ENDYMION. Not being able to find him, I made ſome inquiries, and at length diſcovered that he is employed to ſupply a vacancy in the family of NIOBE. As the body bends, and the hand is uplifted to intercept the light of the moon, the attitude is not incongruous; but the countenance betrays not that terror which his own impending fate, joined to the deſtruction of his near kindred who had fallen before him, muſt naturally have excited.

The

In the apartments is a ſmall number of paintings. Beſides a ST. JOHN (one of the maſterpieces of RAPHAEL) are ſome of the capital performances of RUBENS, TITIAN, CORREGGIO, ANNIBAL CARRACHI, &c. But the moſt noble collection is in the palace of Pitti, the reſidence of the Grand Duke. Thither he removed every valuable picture from the gallery, and from his villas.

The cathedral is a noble pile of Gothick architecture. The cupola was greatly admired by MICHAEL ANGELO. Under a canopy near the altar are three ſtatues, larger than life, by that eminent maſter. A deceaſed CHRIST is ſupported by his mother. PIETY is placed above, weeping. The expreſſion is forcible. In another part the Four Apoſtles, by DONATELLO, challenge notice.

One of the gates of the baptiſtery is adorned with *bas reliefs*, of ſuch excellent workmanſhip,

ſhip, that MICHAEL ANGELO ſaid it deſerved to be the entrance into paradiſe.

But my attention was principally engaged by a work of JOHN DE BOULOGNE, in the vault of the church of ST. LORENZO. Our Saviour on the croſs occupies the middle, on one ſide ſtands his mother, on the other his beloved diſciple. The figure of MARY will for ever live in my memory. A countenance ſo full of ſorrow, ſuch natural marks of deep affliction, were, I thought, beyond the reach of art.

The churches at Florence, like thoſe at Leghorn, contain a profuſion of marble; ſome of them have, alſo, an outward caſing of it.

In the principal ſtreets are many beautiful ſtatues. The piazza Ducale, for example, preſents to view JUDITH, in bronze, about to cut off the head of the proſtrate HOLOPHERNES, by DONATELLO; a coloſſal NEPTUNE, in the middle of a baſon of water, by AMANATI; the

ſurrounding

ſurrounding Nymphs and Tritons, an equeſtrian ſtatue of Cosmo I. and the Rape of the Sabines, by John de Boulogne; and laſt, though more ſtriking than all the reſt, David after his triumph over Goliah, by Michael Angelo. It is to be wiſhed that ſo many of the undertakings of this juſtly-celebrated artiſt had not been left incomplete. His daring genius, for ſuch he appears even by his very ſketches to have poſſeſſed, tempted him to begin more than he could well finiſh.

The police is very good. You may walk the town with ſafety at any time of the night. Not a ſingle execution has taken place ſince the acceſſion of the preſent Duke. A ſpecies of Italian puniſhment, which excites horror, is likewiſe grown into diſuſe. For a very ſlight offence the delinquent was tied with a rope under his arm, drawn by pullies to a conſiderable height, and afterwards ſuffered to fall ſuddenly,

ſo

ſo that his limbs, if not broken, were almoſt always diſlocated. Is not death preferable to ſuch torture?

No leſs vigilant is the Grand Duke in guarding againſt fraud than againſt violence. An Engliſhman of diſtinction fell into the company of ſharpers ſome few years ago, and was tricked out of a conſiderable ſum of money. The fact became publickly known, and they were condemned to impriſonment in the gallies.

The Florentines deal in alum, marble, and iron, materials which are found in great abundance among the mountains of Tuſcany. They make *ſome* cloths, but are more famous for their ſilks. The latter is the moſt conſiderable manufacture, and has a name all over Europe. But ſince Florence has ceaſed to be a republick, her trade is conſiderably diminiſhed. The family of MEDICIS, who produced the revolution, were indeed merchants; but the occupation is

no

no longer reſpectable. A ſtrong pride, joined to an inconſiſtent meanneſs, infects the nobility. They diſdain to be concerned in merchandiſe, but at the ſame time are, almoſt to a man, *retailers* of wine. Near the great gate of the *palazzo* hangs a buſh,* or twiggen bottle, by way of ſign, under which is a ſmall hole in the wall, with a ſliding cover of wood. Here the purchaſer knocks gently; the ſervant arrives, fills the flaſk, and receives the money, like any other waiter at a tavern. This is not the uſage of the inferior nobility only, but even of the firſt families.

Poetry and the fine arts are held in great eſteem. The memory of thoſe who have excelled in them is preſerved in the cathedral. On the walls is an indifferent, but very extraordinary picture of DANTE, ſurrounded by the

* May not this practice have given birth to the proverb, that "Good wine needs no buſh?"

purgatory

purgatory and hell, of which he ſings in his poem. It is more remarkable that this honour ſhould be conferred on him, ſince he died in exile.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate ſon,

B. H.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE REV. *J. B.*

ROME, OCT. 23, 1784.

SIENNA muſt be a charming ſummer reſidence, as it ſtands on high ground, and commands a rich vale. There the Italian is ſpoken in the greateſt purity. The Sienneſe have the choſen terms of the Florentines, and the clear articulation of the Romans. The Florentines

pronounce the *c* as an *h* in a moſt harſh and guttural manner. It was two or three days before I became ſo uſed to it as to underſtand them. The only object of curioſity is the cathedral, in which are a few good paintings, and an admirable piece of Moſaick.

I have not ſpoken of the face of the country ſince my arrival in Italy.

From Leghorn to Sienna my route preſented a very fertile aſpect. How different are the ſcenes from thoſe to which I had been accuſtomed in the neighbourhood of Marſeilles, Aix, and Montpelier! *There* the eye ſeldom meets with a green field, or a herd; figs, olives, and grapes, are the only product of that arid ſoil: but *here* innumerable cattle wanton in the verdant paſtures. The droves in the road are frequently ſo large, that it is difficult to paſs. Each peaſant drags to market a calf, or heifer; a variety of ribbons is tied to that part of the

rope

rope which is thrown over the horns. The vines are not low, and ſpread over a ſpace of ground, as in France, but, agreeably to the expreſſion of HORACE, *maritantur ulmo*; they twine round the elms, and hang between rows of them in feſtoons. The ripe cluſters of different hue gave a great richneſs to the appearance. The ground under the trees is not permitted to lie idle. Sometimes it is ſown with wheat or barley; ſometimes with millet, lucerne, or trefoil.

The ſituation of many villages brought to my mind VIRGIL's deſcription,

" Tot congeſta manû præruptis oppida ſaxis."

They are placed on mountains or rocks which ſeem to forbid acceſs.

I looked with pleaſure from my carriage-window upon the dreſs of the country girls. On the ſide of the head is placed a ſtraw hat

encircled with artificial flowers, a *bouquet* of which is worn in the boſom. Their locks are turned up behind in treſſes, and faſtened by a long and ſometimes coſtly needle. The ſhoulder-ſtraps of the ſtays are decorated with ribbons of divers colours, tied in a bow. The upper garment, ſeldom uſed in the heat of ſummer, is a kind of jacket, which reaches little lower than the top of the petticoat. The only difference between the attire of the Tuſcan and Lucqueſe is, that the latter wears no hat, and has a long handkerchief, which falls from the crown of the head to the middle of the back. You are not to underſtand that I ſpeak of the women of a higher rank: in *both* territories they make uſe of cap, gown, and apron, according to the Engliſh faſhion.

From the termination of the vale of Sienna, even to Ponte Cetino, (the entrance into the Pope's dominions) the eye is wearied with one

ſcene

ſcene of uncultivated hills. The ſoil is, without doubt, ungrateful; nevertheleſs, under proper management it might be made to produce *ſomething*. When markets are at hand, where the huſbandman has a certain vent for the returns of his labour, he will not fail to give as high a ſtate of improvement to his lands as will pay his expences with a profit. But when towns are remote from each other, the farmer who lives at a diſtance, ſenſible of the impoſſibility of ſupporting a competition with him whoſe reſidence is near, is content if his eſtate yield him a bare livelihood. Can we aſſign a more probable cauſe why this part of Tuſcany preſents a countenance of gloom and deſolation the very reverſe of the other? To complete the melancholy picture, the roads are ſcarcely paſſable, the houſes of reſort ſcarcely habitable, the inn-keepers ſcarcely men, ſo brutal is their behaviour.

I ſhall

I ſhall not now carry you into the Eccleſiaſtical ſtate, but ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXIX.

TO *H. H.* ESQ.

ROME, NOV. 10, 1784.

HAVING recently turned my attention to the antiquities in Rome and the neighbourhood, I haſten to commit my ideas to paper, leſt I loſe them. The only way of clearly treating the ſubject is by dividing it into its component parts. A little of the general learning will be neceſſary, that the deſcription may be more intelligible.

OF

OF THE TEMPLES AND ALTARS.

Polytheiſm had its origin in Egypt and Phenicia, and thence paſſed with the colonies into Greece. ROMULUS, without receiving the obſcene and impious fables which had been introduced into the theology of the Greeks, adopted almoſt all their gods. In the ſucceſſive ages the number of Roman deities ſo increaſed, that VARRO makes them amount to thirty thouſand. Temples were dedicated not only to the celeſtial and infernal gods, and thoſe heroes who had rendered by their lives important ſervices to the ſtate; but to the virtues, vices, corporeal infirmities, &c. *Tantus error fuit*, (ſays CICERO) *ut perniciosis rebus non modo nomen Deorûm tribueretur, ſed etiam ſacra conſtituerentur.* Fear,* envy, diſcord,

* *Tullus Hoſtilius in re trepidâ duodecim vovit Salios fanaque pallori ac pavori.* LIVY, b. i. This king was the firſt among the Romans who paid religious homage to fear.

THESEUS,

fever, were objects of worſhip. It was not, however, ſo much the practice to raiſe temples to the divinities of TARTARUS as to the deified diſeaſes of mind and body; the latter had, perhaps, a better character for flexibility than the former; but addreſſes to *both* were deſigned to remove a preſent, or to guard againſt a probable evil, not to obtain an additional good. The modern Romans ſolicit the interceſſion of ſaints who have endured the ſame affliction: Thoſe who ſuffer the tooth-ache kiſs the toe of ANASTASIUS, who was greatly tormented with that pain; for diſorders of the eyes, application is made to ST. LUCIA; and in complaints of the inteſtines, ST. ERASMUS, whoſe bowels were torn out by the hands of the executioner, is deemed the moſt expert phyſician. Is it not as rational to believe in the efficacy of

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THESEUS, before his engagement with the Amazons, ſacrificed to that deity; ALEXANDER obſerved the ſame rite before the battle of Arbela.

an invocation to a fictitious being, as to the image of a departed ſaint?

Some temples were erected in honour of one God only, *ſome* of many, *others* of all. Their form was various, round, ſquare, &c. In the interior, which was often embelliſhed with ivory and gold, were diſplayed the *vota*, or promiſed offerings, in return for the divine favour. ESCULAPIUS was led to expect *tabellas*, or liſts recording his cures; MARS was tempted with the hope of ſpoils taken from the enemy. Within the conſecrated walls, delinquents and debtors were ſecure from arreſts: it was ſcarcely thought lawful to ſpit, or to cough, and upon particular occaſions the humble ſupplicants ſwept the pavement with their hair. May we not in theſe inſtances evidently trace a ſimilarity between pagan and chriſtian Rome? Churches are *now* a place of protection to the aſſaſſin; pilgrims crawl round and round the chapel at

Loretto

Loretto upon their knees; the barren wife, and ſuffering captive, pledge themſelves, if their prayers be ſucceſsful, to reward *Notre Dame* with ſilver ſtatues, or other expenſive preſents.

The Pantheon, the outward walls of which are entire, may well claim our *firſt* notice. The upper part of the portico bears the following inſcription:

M. Agrippa, L. F. Cos. tertium fecit.

Hence this temple is ſaid to have been built by AGRIPPA; but others contend, and with reaſon, that AGRIPPA repaired the body, and added the portico. DION, ſpeaking of what was done by AGRIPPA, uſes the word εξετελεσε, which ſignifies to complete. The eye diſcovers with eaſe, that the portico and the rotunda are not united, but ſtand a little apart from each other; and that the cornice of the one belongs not to the ſame order as that of the other.

The

The portico is ſo admired for its architecture, as to be the object of univerſal imitation. It is ſupported by ſixteen columns, each conſiſting of one piece of oriental granite. Eight of them ſtand in the front line. Their diameter is five feet: their height thirty-ſeven, excluſive of baſe and capital. If this majeſtick portico appear too low, it muſt be conſidered that it is partly buried, in conſequence of the elevation occaſioned by the ruins of the old city. The door is of bronze, but does not exactly fit. The original, made of the ſame metal, was ſeized by GENSERICK, king of the Vandals; and the veſſel in which it was embarked was loſt on the coaſt of Sicily. The ſtatue of AGRIPPA, in a triumphal car, ſtood over the portico; for near to it were diſcovered, in the popedom of EUGENIO, the head of that general, the foot of a horſe, and part of a wheel, all in bronze.

The

The interior of the rotunda is one hundred and thirty-ſeven feet two inches in diameter between the axis of the columns, according to the meaſurement of CONDAMINE. VENUTI is of opinion that the breadth exceeds the height; but the prevailing notion is, that they are equal, and that the aperture at the top, by which alone light enters, is a perfect hemiſphere.

This noble ſtructure has ſuffered leſs by miſchance than barbariſm. The thunder-ſtorm which aſſailed it in the reign of TRAJAN, committed not ſo great ravage as CONSTANTIO, nephew of ERACLIO, A. D. 636, who carried away the ſtatues, as well as the ſheets of ſilver with which it was covered within and without. The metallick beams which ſupported the roof of the portico, were uſed by URBAN VIII. to ornament the altar of ST. PETER'S,

PETER's, and make cannon for the defence of the caſtle of ST. ANGELO. This ſpecies of plunder is common among the modern Romans, for which reaſon I place them on a par with the Goths. To embelliſh a church or palace, many of the ancient ſepulchres have been ſtripped of their marble exterior. If a ſtatue be expoſed to injury, it is highly proper to remove it to a Muſeum; but to mutilate a fine piece of remains for the ſake of a new fabrick, is an unpardonable robbery.

In the Pantheon, or temple of all the gods, were depoſited by BONIFACE IV. twenty-eight cart-loads of holy relicks; and hence it is now as frequently called ST. MARIA AD MARTYRES, as ST. M. ROTONDA.

Three great arches, which ſtand quite alone, ſufficiently mark the priſtine ſize and magnificence of the Temple of Peace.

Several

Several columns, the only veſtiges of the temple of the Capitoline JUPITER,* ſupport the nave of ST. MARIA, in Araceli. They are very beautiful, but not more ſo than the ten inſcribed DIVO ANTONINO ET D. FAUSTINÆ, which form a kind of portico to ST. LORENZO, in Miranda; or than the noble groupes in the *forum Romanum*,† remnants of the ſeveral temples of JUPITER *Stator*, JUPITER *Tonans*, &c.

Although I wiſh to avoid a tireſome detail, I cannot paſs over a temple, in tolerably good preſervation, at Tivoli, or, as it was anciently

* Two temples were erected upon that ſpot to JUPITER; the one by ROMULUS, for his victory over the Cænicenſes; the other by TARQUINIUS PRISCUS, for his ſucceſs in the war againſt the Sabines. LIVY, lib. i. p. 22, 76. Edit. *Crevieri*. To which of them theſe columns belonged, is a diſputed point.

† This *forum*, once the great theatre of eloquence, is now a part of the *campo Vaccino*, or market for cattle.

denominated,

denominated, Tibur. A double row of fluted columns ſurrounded the body, which is circular, and formed a kind of porticoes. Eighteen of them are ſtill ſtanding, and, conſidering that they are of the Corinthian order, it is not a little ſingular that the frize ſhould be decorated, after the Doric manner, with the heads of oxen and rams, connected by feſtoons. The words

—— *C. L. Cellio, L. F.*

(an imperfect piece of the inſcription) are interpreted by VOLPI, "CURANTE LUCIO CELLIO, "LUCII FILIO." This temple is ſo well proportioned, that VOLTERRA, and MICHAEL ANGELO, are ſaid to have copied many parts of it in the fabrick of ST. PETER's, and the Farneſe palace. It is uncertain by whom it was built: the materials are Tiburtine ſtone, covered in ſo dextrous a manner with ſtucco, as to paſs at firſt ſight for marble.* Some think that

* The temple of FORTUNA *virilis* has the ſame coat; ſo indeed have many others.

it was dedicated to VESTA, ſome to TIBURTINUS, and others to TUSSIS, or Cough, becauſe the inhabitants of Tibur were ſubject to colds; but its ſituation on the top of a hill, facing the roaring caſcade formed by the *Præceps Anio*, now the Teveroni, favours the idea of Mr. B——, the Engliſh antiquarian reſident at this place, that HORACE alludes to it, when he ſpeaks of the *domus Albuneæ reſonantis*. LACTANTIUS obſerves, that Albunea was the name of the Tiburtine Sybil. The common appellation of the Sybil's temple ſeems, therefore, to be well choſen.

UNINCLOSED ALTARS continued in uſe, notwithſtanding the introduction of ſuch as were confined, firſt within ſmall unadorned chapels, and afterwards within the moſt magnificent temples. They were placed in any ſituation, but

but generally upon mountains. There was an infinite number of this kind in every pagan country.

The altars preſerved in this city are of all ſhapes and ſizes, and uſually ornamented with figures, in *bas relief*, of divinities and *genii*. Moſt of them are inſcribed *Genio ſacrum*, and the reaſon ſeems obvious. Every individual offered ſacrifice to his *genius*; or, in other words, to the power which was ſuppoſed to rule his concerns.

Altars, whether conſtructed in the open air, or not, were regarded with the ſame veneration as the temples and ſtatues of the gods; becauſe they were alike ſuppoſed to contain the divine preſence. *There* treaties of peace were ratified.

Poſt iidem, inter ſe poſitô certamine, reges
Armati Jovis ante aras, pateraſque tenentes
Stabant, et cæsâ jungebant fœdera porcâ.

ÆN. viii. 640.

There alſo, as might be made appear from many authorities, marriages were ſolemnized, publick repaſts celebrated, and almoſt every affair of importance tranſacted.

In the *Campidoglio* is an altar, on one ſide of which are repreſented two princes, with heads uncovered, and hands claſped in each other. Does not this *bas relief* remind you of the following paſſage in the Latin poet?

Juncta eſt mihi fœdere dextra.

Æn. viii. 169.

Your's &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXX.

TO *T. J.* ESQ.

OF THE

SEPULCHRES, URNS, and SARCOPHAGI.

ROME, NOV. 23, 1784.

THE *Veſtal* Virgins, and a few families deſcended from ſome *very* diſtinguiſhed character had, from the earlieſt period, the privilege of a ſepulchre within the walls of Rome. The bones of every other perſon were depoſited at ſome diſtance from the city. To guard againſt the danger of fire, and to preſerve the air free from infection, were not the only motives for this regulation; ſuperſtition had its ſhare. Every city was dedicated to one or other of the

heavenly gods, and it was believed that the touch of a corpſe, unleſs it came within the exception above-mentioned, would pollute the ſacred walls.

Places of burial were either private or publick.

The dead belonging to the ſuperior claſs were either burnt,* and their aſhes and bones collected into an urn; or placed whole in a ſarcophagus or ſtone coffin. Both theſe were put into the private ſepulchre of the family, which was generally erected in ſuch parts of their fields

* According to PLUTARCH, the Romans did not burn the body of NUMA, becauſe he had given an order to the contrary; this ſhews that burning was in uſe before his time.

PLINY, in the 7th book of his Natural Hiſtory, chap. 54, aſſerts, that the cuſtom of burning was not very antient among the Romans. How irreconcileable are the accounts of theſe two authors; the former of whom lived in favour with TRAJAN, the latter with VESPASIAN and TITUS! But it is indiſputable, that the practice of burning, whenever it commenced, ceaſed under the reign of the ANTONINES.

or gardens as were neareſt to the publick road. The funeral monuments ſtill extant, prove that many perſons of note were depoſited by the ſide of the Appian way. CICERO, in the firſt book of his Tuſculan Queſtions, has told us who they were. *An tu egreſſus portâ Capenâ, cùm Calatini, Scipionûm, Serviliorûm, Metellorûm ſepulchra vides, miſeros putas illos?* The great approaches to antient Rome, however gloomy, may not unfrequently have been uſeful in reminding the unthinking paſſenger of his mortality.

The Senate ſometimes decreed a publick burial, in memory of a perſon who in ſome high ſtation had been eminently uſeful to his country. The *Campus Martius* was the ſpot uſually aſſigned.* Was it not found policy, by proclaiming the national gratitude, to animate the

* It was not incloſed within the walls till the time of the Emperor AURELIAN.

candidates

candidates for glory? A publick burying-place was, likewiſe, allotted to the inferior denominations of men. The *Uſtrinæ publicæ*, the veſtiges of which are ſo ruinous that they cannot be deſcribed, were ſituated in the *campo Eſquilino*, then not a part of the city. *Here* the bodies of the loweſt claſs were caſt into the *puticuli*; *there* thoſe of the middling were burnt, and the remains left upon the ground.

Having divided places of burial into private and publick, I ſhall obſerve the ſame order in my account of the principal ſepulchres.

At ſome diſtance from the *porta Lavernalis*,* and near to the *via Oſtienſis*, ſtands the ſepulchre of CAIUS CESTIUS. It was reſtored by Pope ALEXANDER the VIIth, and is now uſed as a burying-place for the Engliſh and other

* The city is ſo enlarged, that in ſhewing a building to have been formerly on the outſide of it, I cannot but have recourſe to the antient precincts.

proteſtants.

proteſtants. Rome cannot boaſt a nobler piece of remains in its kind. It is a quadrangular pyramid, built of brick, and covered with large flat ſquares of marble. In height it is one hundred and thirteen feet, excluſive of the baſe, which meaſures eighty-ſix feet three inches ſquare. The origin of its form may be ſeen in the comment of SERVIUS on the following paſſage:—

——— fuit ingens monte ſub altô
Regis Dercenni terrenô ex aggere buſtum.
ÆN. xi. 850.

" *Apud majores*," ſays he, " *nobiles aut ſub* " *montibus altis, aut in ipſis montibus ſepeliebantur; unde natum eſt ut ſuper cadavera aut pi-* " *ramides fierent, aut ingentes collocarentur co-* " *lumnæ.*" It appears from the ſeveral inſcriptions, one of which is preſerved in the *Campidoglio*, that CAIUS CESTIUS was one of the ſeven *epulones* appointed to conduct the feaſts of

of the gods; that his heirs, and one LUCIUS CESTIUS, to whom M. AGRIPPA had given what was left to himſelf, compleated this pyramid, in three hundred and thirty days; and that the expences were in part paid with the money which aroſe "*ex venditione Attalicorum, quæ "iis per edictum Ædilis in ſepulcrum inferre non "licuit.*" In the Roman, as well as Greek funerals, the moſt expenſive ornaments were either thrown into the flames, or laid in the urn* or ſarcophagus. POLYBIUS mentions many inſtances of generals buried in their military attire. PLUTARCH ſtates, that CATO the younger burnt a vaſt quantity of rich perfumes and coſtly garments with the corpſe of his brother CÆPIO. A law, ſimilar to that made by SOLON to reſtrain the prodigality of the Athenians on

* In 1744 an urn was diſcovered in the *Campidoglio*. A kind of petrified balſam and ſeveral precious ſtones were mixed among the bones.

ſuch

ſuch occaſions, was added to the Roman code. The Edile, who had a power of inforcing it by his own edict, interpoſed in this inſtance to prevent the waſte of the *Attalic* robes. Rich and laced garments were thus called from ATTALUS, king of Pergamus, who was the inventor of thoſe, and many other luxuries introduced after the Aſiatic war, in the year of Rome 564. A ſmall door at the bottom of this ſepulchre opens into a chamber. Many of the paintings upon the ſtucco, which is divided into ſmall compartments, are effaced; but thoſe which are diſtinct, repreſent, in colours ſcarcely faded, women beautiful in their figures, and eaſy in their attitude, the moſt elegant vaſes, and other things which relate to the office of CAIUS CESTIUS, as *epulo*.

The ſepulchre of CÆCILIA METELLA is in better preſervation than any of the others which lie beyond the *porta Capena*, on the

Appian

Appian road. It is a maſſy ſtructure of great height, and bears the appearance of a citadel. The Tiburtine ſtone, with which it was covered, has been removed by rapacious hands. It has received the modern name of *capo di bove*, either becauſe the frize is adorned with ſkulls of oxen placed between wreaths of flowers; or becauſe a marble head of that animal is to be ſeen over the door of ſome buildings, which were added at the time it was converted into a fortreſs, and are now in ruins. I learn from the following inſcription,

CÆCILIÆ
Q. CRETICI F.
METELLÆ
CRASSI

that it was erected by CRASSUS, in memory of his wife METELLA, daughter of METELLUS, ſirnamed CRETICUS from having taken the iſland of Crete. In the chamber beneath was

diſcovered

dicovered the large and richly-wrought urn which contained the aſhes, and is now to be ſeen in the court of the Farneſe palace.

AUGUSTUS erected a mauſoleum, by way of funeral monument for himſelf, in the *campus Martius*, between the *via Flaminia* and the *Tiber*. The remains of it form a conſiderable part of a modern amphitheatre for the exhibition of publick ſpectacles.

ADRIAN, with the ſame view as AUGUSTUS, built alſo a mauſoleum, but at a ſtill greater diſtance from the city. It was uſed, at different times, by BELISARIUS, the Greeks, and the Goths, as a fortreſs, and at length fell into the hands of NARSES, ſent by the Emperor JUSTINIAN againſt TOTILA. In theſe ſeveral wars the ſtatues, &c. were broken and thrown on the heads of the aſſailants. During the pontificate of GREGORY the Great, Rome was infeſted with a moſt

deſtructive

deſtructive peſt. An angel hovered over this building, and was ſeen (as the ſtory goes) to return a ſword into the ſheath, indicating that the wrath of heaven was appeaſed, and that the fatal havock ſhould ceaſe. The preternatural viſit was well interpreted, and the plague no longer raged; ſince which period the original name of *Moles Adriana* has been changed for *Caſtello St. Angelo*, and the ſtatue of an angel placed upon the top. BONIFACE the IXth was the firſt who reduced it to the *form* of a citadel; many of the ſucceeding Popes furniſhed it with baſtions, foſſes, and all ſorts of arms. It is now the principal, if not the only defence of the city: but I am of opinion that it could not make a ſtubborn reſiſtance even in the hands of better ſoldiers than the modern Romans.

This mauſoleum copied the form of that built by AUGUSTUS. In the middle of the lower part, which was ſquare, aroſe a lofty round tower

tower incruſted with Parian marble. On the outſide were various pieces of ſculpture, ſuch as men, horſes, and cars; and on the top a pine-apple, in bronze, which is ſaid to have contained the aſhes of the Emperor.* The only veſtiges of this grand ſtructure are the large ſtones which ſerved as the foundation.

A ſepulchre, nearly of the ſame form and ſize as that of CÆCILIA METELLA, ſtands by the ſide of the *via Tiburtina*, about two miles diſtant from Tibur. One of the inſcriptions denotes it to have been raiſed by the Senate in memory of PLAUTIUS, on account of his victories:

" Huic Senatus triumphalia ornamenta decrevit
" ob res in Illyrico bene geſtas."

The other is in ſo ſmall characters as to be ſcarcely legible. This is the only exiſting *pub-*

* See the firſt book of PROCOPIUS on the Gothick wars.

lick

lick ſepulchre, an honour the more valuable, as it was but rarely granted. It appears to have been very grand, and no doubt it was ſo, being intended to expreſs the high opinion which the Senate entertained of the military atchievements of PLAUTIUS. Though the ſtatues and caſing of marble have, as uſual, been applied to ſome modern uſe, the trunks of ſix large columns leave a ſufficient idea of its priſtine magnificence. The round tower ſpeaks the alteration made by the Goths. The reaſon that the aſhes of this illuſtrious man ſleep not in the *campus Martius*, or near the Appian road, among the SCIPIOS and METELLI, ſeems to be, that he had a villa and eſtate in the neighbourhood of Tibur.

A ſepulchre, of a curious form, ſtands by the ſide of the Appian road near Alba, or Albano. Upon what occaſion it was built I know not. The lower part, which is ſquare, ſupported

ported five towers: three of them are ſtill ſtanding. There is alternately a layer of ſmall ſtones cemented together by red dirt, and of large flat ſtones, which were probably uſed for the purpoſe of keeping the other part more firm and compact. It is commonly called the ſepulchre of the HORATII and CURIATII, who are ſaid to be laid in the ſame tomb. The five towers are ſuppoſed to have an alluſion to the five ſlain, the three CURIATII, and two HORATII. But LIVY in his firſt book completely overthrows this conjecture. *Sepulcra extant quô quiſque locô cecidit: duo Romana unô locô propius Albam, tria Albana verſus Romam, ſed diſtantia locis &c.* Others inſiſt that this is the ſepulchre of POMPEY, all of whoſe family are certainly buried at Albano. The five towers are conſtrued to allude to his five Egyptian victories. Were it not for this fortunate coincidence

coincidence of number, the advocates of this notion would, perhaps, be deprived of their only argument.

The URNS and SARCOPHAGI are adorned with *bas reliefs*; but the latter, as Mr. ADDISON juſtly obſerves, ſeldom have them on every ſide. As they were fixed on high within the walls of the ſepulchral chamber, ſo that one ſide only could be ſeen, it would have been uſeleſs to caſt away ſculpture upon parts which were hidden from ſight.

The brevity of human life, and a future ſtate of retribution, are well exhibited upon an urn in the *Campidoglio*. The figures of CUPID and PSYCHE, united in a cloſe embrace, denote the junction of the ſoul with the body. The four ſubſtances neceſſary to human exiſtence are perſonified thus:—Air is repreſented by ŒOLUS,

Œolus, king of the winds, in the act of blowing; Water, by a river-god reclined with a prow in his hand; Fire, by the forge of Vulcan; Earth, by a tree laden with fruit, and a woman with a cornucopia in her hand and a baſket under her arm, both full of the various productions of nature. The figures of Apollo and Diana, in their reſpective cars, declare that man's life is ſcarcely longer than the interval between the riſing and going down of the ſun. Under the car of Diana is the dead body of a man; a little above which a butterfly, with extended wings, indicates the parting ſoul. A weeping Genius, who holds an extinguiſhed torch pointed downwards and a chaplet of flowers, ſeems to ſay, My fire is ſpent, my bloom is withered. In the hands of another Genius is an open volume, in which heroick actions are regiſtered, and the memory of them preſerved after death. Psyche, con-

 ducted

ducted by MERCURY to the Elyſian fields, is emblematical of the happineſs enjoyed by the good in the next world. The fate of the wicked is exemplified by PROMETHEUS, whoſe bowels are gnawed by a vulture. The deſign is admirable, but the ſculpture is very indifferent. It is not known whoſe aſhes were contained in this urn.

In the palace of BARBERINI is a ſarcophagus of an oblong oval. One-third of a male and female figure is incloſed in a circle, in which are marked the ſigns of the Zodiack: two of the ſeaſons are on one ſide, and two on the other. The natural conſtruction is, that in this coffin were laid the bodies of a man and his wife, whoſe love and happineſs were as uninterrupted as the courſe of the ſeaſons.

There are many other *bas reliefs* no leſs intereſting. With what pleaſure did I view them, until I diſcovered their emblematick meaning!

But

But why ſo many of them repreſent ENDYMION and DIANA, MELEAGER and the Boar, the Rape of PROSERPINE, or (what is ſtill more common) an indecent group of Bacchanalian Women and Satyrs, I am quite at a loſs to underſtand. Mr. ADDISON ſuppoſes, that the application, when firſt choſen, was forcible; that the idea then grew faſhionable, and was made uſe of on all occaſions. I know not whether this cauſe be more ſatisfactory than the humorous explanation of an Iriſh gentleman, with whom I contracted an acquaintance at Rome. "The world," ſaid he, "was then, "as now; the majority of mankind were either "hunters, drunkards, or fornicators. Thus "the funeral ornaments bear a relation to the "lives of the deceaſed." I might have aſked him, would their relations have liked to expoſe their vices?

I am better pleaſed to ſee all the figures on the ſame line. When they are numerous, they are placed one above another. Men ſtanding upon the heads of others who are unconcerned and occupied in their own buſineſs, and horſes galloping over other horſes and their riders, diſguſt by offending againſt nature.

After having expatiated ſo largely upon the *heathen* ſepulchres, it will naturally be expected that I ſhould beſtow a few words on the *catacombs*, or place of refuge, where the firſt Chriſtians retired to ſhelter themſelves againſt perſecution, and where, after their deceaſe, their bodies were depoſited.* I was attended by the monk, who has a perquiſite for ſhewing them,

* I have followed the common account. Biſhop BURNET thinks that theſe catacombs, as well as thoſe of Naples, were not the repoſitories of the martyrs, but burying-places of the heathen. TRAVELS, p. 201, &c.——Whoever wiſhes to enter into the queſtion, may there ſee it fully treated.

and

and three other men. We each carried in our hand a lighted wax candle, leſt one or two ſhould accidentally be blown out. The paſſages are ſo narrow and winding, that, even with a light, none but a perſon who had been uſed to them could be certain of his return. My guide informed me, that through the intricate tracts of theſe catacombs, a journey may be made one way to St. Peter's, another to Fraſcati, and a third to Tivoli; either of which two laſt-mentioned places is at leaſt ſixteen miles diſtant. In the winter he intended to take the trip himſelf. I adviſed him not to riſque it, but he ſaid he was ſure that he could effect it. Should he attempt it, there is reaſon to apprehend that he will meet with the fate of the Roman biſhop and his ſervant, who, ſuffering their curioſity to lead them too far, found a tomb among the martyrs. I was under ground about an hour. The excavations form ſeveral ſtories of chambers,

bers, connected with each other by ſtair-caſes, on the ſides of which are niches, which received the dead. The chambers lie one within the other, and are very low and narrow. Many, which have the appearance of chapels, were probably appropriated to the performance of religious duties.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXXI.

TO *J. H.* ESQ.

OF THE COLUMNS.

NAPLES, DEC. 21, 1785.

THE ſepulchres of the antient Romans are not all ſo coſtly as thoſe of CAIUS CESTIUS and CÆCILIA METELLA. The uſual monument was a ſingle column, which, if the body were burnt,

burnt, was hollow at the top for the purpoſe of receiving an urn containing the aſhes. If the deceaſed were a perſon of diſtinction, it was large; if one of the common people, it was ſmall, and termed *cippus*. In the *Campidoglio* are ſeveral of this latter ſort, with the urns which belonged to them. They are decorated with *bas reliefs*, the ſubjects of which are ſimilar to thoſe upon urns and ſarcophagi, and on their baſe is an inſcription, denoting the perſon in memory of whom they were reared.

But this was not the only uſe to which columns were put by the antient Romans. They ſerved to immortalize publick virtue, to mark the diſtances between place and place, to ſave from oblivion the number of ſoldiers, and the order obſerved upon a military expedition, &c.

The celebrated *Trajan* and *Antonine* columns were erected within the city, and have been

been ſingularly fortunate in preſerving their original ſituation.

The *Trajan* was raiſed by the ſenate to commemorate the victories of that emperor in Dacia, all of which are inſcribed in *bas relief*. It was commenced while he was engaged in a war againſt the Parthians, but not finiſhed until after his death. On the point of returning to Rome, he was attacked with a dyſentery, which proved fatal; ſo that he never beheld the magnificence either of the column or forum called by his name.

The column is about one hundred and nine feet high, and well proportioned in all its parts. It is hollow, and has within a ſpiral ſtaircaſe, which conſiſts of one hundred and eighty-five ſteps, and is lighted by forty-three little windows. On the top, the ſtatue of ST. PETER has ſucceeded to that of TRAJAN, which had in one hand a ſceptre, and in the other a globe containing

containing his aſhes.* The *bas reliefs* which can be diſtinguiſhed, mark the hand of a ſkilful artiſt; but although the ſize of the figures increaſe in proportion to their diſtance, all but the four or five firſt ranks are a confuſed maſs. What an injudicious expenditure of national money!

The *Antonine* column is, like the *Trajan*, compoſed of marble, but ſeven feet higher; and of courſe its ſtaircaſe conſiſts of a greater number of ſteps. But notwithſtanding its ſuperior altitude, it is not ſo much to be admired. It is larger, inſtead of ſmaller, towards the top; and the *bas reliefs* are indifferent both in deſign and execution. The ſtatue of the Emperor, with which it was crowned, has been exchanged for that of ST. PAUL. That it was not compleated until the tenth year of the reign

* EUTROPIUS in his eighth book obſerves, that of all the Emperors, TRAJAN alone was *intra urbem ſepultus.*

of

of MARCUS ANTONINUS is certain, for the ſubject of one of the *bas reliefs* is his war with the MARCOMANI. *Some* think that it was begun by the ſenate during the reign of MARCUS ANTONINUS, in memory of ANTONINUS PIUS, his predeceſſor, but not finiſhed until the time of COMMODUS: *others*, that the honour was intended, not for ANTONINUS PIUS, but for MARCUS ANTONINUS. The antient medal, a drawing of which is given in NARDINI, ſpeaks ſtrong language. It repreſents this ſame column with the following inſcription—*Divo Pio*. But it muſt at the ſame time be acknowledged, that to adorn the monument of a deceaſed Emperor with the gallant exploits of his ſucceſſor, appears a ſtrange proceeding, adapted only to raiſe doubt in the minds of poſterity, and thus to defeat the object of ſecuring to their lamented hero the applauſe of future ages.

The

The firſt naval victory of the Romans was gained by CAIUS DUILIUS, in a battle with the Carthaginians, two hundred and ſixty-one years before Chriſt. For his behaviour on that day he obtained a triumph, and was honoured with a roſtral column in the *forum*. It is of the Tuſcan order, and made of Parian marble; is from ten to twelve feet in height, and decorated with anchors. The prows originally affixed to its ſides were taken from the ſhips of the enemy; but they are now not metal, but marble. On the top is a ſtatue of Rome triumphant. This valuable piece of antiquity is preſerved in the *Campidoglio*.

In the ſame excellent repoſitory may be ſeen the *milliarium*. According to DION, lib. liv. it was erected by AUGUSTUS, at that time *curator viarûm*, and placed in the *forum*, whence, as from a centre, the diſtances of the ſeveral cities, &c. of the empire were reckoned by

other

other *milliaria* diſpoſed on the high roads. The number of miles to the various parts of Italy was engraved upon it. By TACITUS and SUETONIUS it is called *milliarium aureum*; by PLUTARCH, *columna aurea*. It muſt have taken that name, either becauſe the whole, or at leaſt the globe on the top,* was covered with gold. It is made of white marble, and reſembles a ſhort and thick cylinder. The baſe and capital are Tuſcan. This method of meaſuring diſtance by columns may have given riſe to the uſe of mile-ſtones in Europe.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate ſon,

B. H.

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* The globe was probably intended to compliment Rome, as miſtreſs of the world.

LETTER XXXII.

TO *I. H.* ESQ.

OF THE

TRIUMPHAL ARCHES and TROPHIES.

NAPLES, DEC. 26, 1785.

ARCHES, though ſometimes granted by the ſenate merely from adulatory motives, were, in general, the reward of valour. Upon their introduction, which was almoſt coeval with Rome itſelf, they conſiſted of one arch only, and were quite plain; but in proceſs of time they were formed of a large arch between two of inferior ſize, and decked with ornaments. Winged Victories, with a branch of palm in one hand, and a wreath in the other, are com-

mon

mon to all of them. The other *bas reliefs* relate to the exploits of the triumpher.

It would be tedious to deſcribe all the arches ſtill ſtanding at Rome. Thoſe of TITUS, SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, and CONSTANTINE, command moſt attention.

The arch of TITUS was deſigned to tranſmit to poſterity his conqueſt of Jeruſalem. Near the ſpot on which it ſtands, a fragment was found in the time of FAUNUS. It bears an inſcription, which is ſuppoſed to belong to the front looking towards the *forum*. The following are ſome of the words:

—— "et urbem Hieroſolymam delevit."

Upon one of the *bas reliefs* are men carrying the *candelabrum ſeptiluſtre*, or candleſtick with ſeven branches, and other ſpoils of Jeruſalem. As this inſcription has not the word *Divus* annexed to TITUS, it is argued that this

this arch was erected during the life of that Emperor; but ſurely nothing can be inferred from that circumſtance, ſince the other inſcription upon the front towards the *coliſeo* runs thus:—

" Senatus populuſque Romanus
" *Divo* TITO" &c.

Thoſe who think that the arch was compleated in the reign of TITUS, follow ANGELONI, in ſaying " that it was the cuſtom of that " day to ſtile living Emperors *Divi*;" and, therefore, that neither this title, nor the *bas relief* of his *apotheoſis*, is any argument againſt their opinion. But why ſhould one inſcription have the term *Divus*, and the other be without it? The ſame queſtion may be aſked of thoſe who aſſert that the arch was voted by the ſenate in the reign of TRAJAN, the ſucceſſor of TITUS. Perhaps the truth may be, that it

was

was begun, and one of the inſcriptions placed, during the life of TITUS; but that it was finiſhed, and the other inſcription added, after his deceaſe.

It never had more than one arch, which is ſtill ſtanding, but in a ruinous condition. As the architecture is good, and the *bas reliefs* executed in a ſuperior manner, the havock of time affords ſerious cauſe for regret.

SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, who flouriſhed in the beginning of the third century, obtained many victories over the Parthians and Arabs, on which account an arch was erected by the ſenate at the foot of the Capitoline hill. Among the vices of CARACALLA, envy was by no means the moſt inconſiderable; ſo that, after the death of his father SEVERUS, he eraſed (as we are informed by SPARTIANUS) the name of his brother GETA from all the publick monuments. The inſcription of this, as well as

as of the other arch of SEVERUS* in the *forum Bovarium*, appears to have ſhared the common fate.†

The form of it is an oblong ſquare; in the middle is a large arch between two ſmaller: both the fronts have each four fluted columns of the Corinthian order, and numerous *bas reliefs* repreſenting the heroick actions of SEVERUS. The figures are greatly mutilated, but the moſt perfect are two winged Victories ſupporting two large trophies; and two Genii bearing frankincenſe, flowers, corn, &c. the proffers of ſubjugated provinces. The whole is of beautiful white marble, but the ſculpture is very indifferent. The effect of this magnificent building is loſt, the baſes of the columns and almoſt one half of the great arch being buried.

* It was built by the ſilver-ſmiths and dealers in cattle, for ſome ſervices which, I ſuppoſe, he had rendered to them; but little of it remains.

† See NARDINI, p. 240, 270.

The arch of CONSTANTINE, which is almoſt entire, I have reſerved unto the laſt, with a view to deſcribe it more particularly. It ſtands between mount Celius and Palatine, and in form reſembles that of SEVERUS. The eight ſtatues, one of which ſtands upon each Corinthian column, were robbed of their *ancient* heads by LORENZO DE MEDICIS, and furniſhed with *new* by CLEMENT XII.

This arch is thought to have been built immediately after the defeat of MAXENTIUS at the *Pons Milvius*, now *Ponte Molle*; becauſe CONSTANTINE is ſtiled in the inſcriptions "the aven-" ger of the republick, and the deliverer of the " city." But it is to be conſidered, that he is likewiſe ſtiled MAXIMUS; a title, which, according to PANVINIUS, was not beſtowed upon him until the latter end of his reign. Suppoſe PANVINIUS to have made good his aſſertion, I cannot think that the arch was begun ſoon after the

the victory, and not finiſhed until the reign of CONSTANTINE was nearly terminated; for he ſat upon the throne thirty-two years. If it were commenced towards the concluſion of his life, it was not unnatural for the people to make the overthrow of MAXENTIUS the object of their celebration. The deſtruction of the *tyrant* was the ſource of their happineſs. The words *fundatori quietis* certainly ſeem to imply that it was at leaſt *not finiſhed* until *ſome years* after the deciſive battle at the Pons Milvius.

As the arts were at a low ebb in the age of CONSTANTINE, thoſe parts of the ſculpture which were executed at the time are of very ordinary workmanſhip. Many of the *bas reliefs* are taken from the arch of TRAJAN, which ſtood in the *forum* called by his name, and deſerve to be praiſed both for deſign and execution.

Under the middle of the great arch is TRAJAN riding over the fallen, and levelling a ſpear at his enemies.

On the north front are, 1. The ſame Emperor in a curule chair amid the nobility, &c. and at his feet the young PARTAMASIRIS without his crown, intreating to be put in poſſeſſion of the throne of Armenia, which had been taken from his father PACORUS. 2. The ſame Emperor mounted in a pulpit, clothed in his *toga*, and ſurrounded with ſenators. 3. A woman reclining, half uncovered, and leaning on the wheel of a coach, emblem of a road which TRAJAN made to Brundiſium or Brindiſi. 4. TRAJAN offering to Rome the vaſt dominions he had conquered: Victory hovering over him, preſents him with a crown of laurel. 5. Four ovals between the columns, repreſenting various chaces, of which, according to the teſtimony of PLINY, TRAJAN was very fond.

On

On the ſouth front are, 1. The ſame Emperor at the famous place of CRESIPHON. PARTENASPES, who expects to be crowned king of the Parthians, attends in his robes, the Roman ſoldiers bear the ſeveral inſignia of victory. 2. A fugitive, who, ſent into Myſia to kill TRAJAN, reveals to him the plot of DECEBALUS. 3. TRAJAN addreſſing his ſoldiers. 4. The ſame Emperor with uncovered head, and a cup in his hand, in the attitude of offering the ſacrifice of a bull to JUPITER, a hog to MARS, and a ſheep to JANUS QUIRINUS. Theſe ſacrifices were called *Suevotaurilia*. 5. Four ovals: the firſt, a ſacrifice to HERCULES; the ſecond, Hunters with their dogs and horſes; the third, a ſacrifice to DIANA; the fourth, a Chace of the wild boar.

I am aware that NARDINI doubts whether the *bas reliefs* I have deſcribed were taken from the arch of TRAJAN, or from ſome other ancient

ancient monument; but they correſpond ſo well with the actions and diſpoſition of that emperor, that I have choſen to follow the common opinion.

Beſides the inſcription, you may read the words VOTIS X. VOTIS XX, which are often to be ſeen on ancient coins. For the ſake of explanation I muſt carry you back to the reign of AUGUSTUS. The Romans held in odium the very name of kingly power. TARQUIN gave them the firſt diſguſt, and JULIUS CÆSAR was murdered becauſe he aſpired to a crown. AUGUSTUS, to remove ſuſpicion, accepted the empire for ten years; at the end of which the people offered their *vota*, and requeſted him to continue it for the ſame term. For this reaſon they are called *vota decennalia*. Sometimes the people extended their prayer to double the period. Theſe words, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX, as well as the others, SIC. X. SIC. XX, lead

us

us to one of three concluſions; and which is the moſt probable I leave you to judge. Either the form of ſurrendering the crown at the end of a given time, and taking it back from the hands of the people, prevailed in the time of CONSTANTINE; or theſe *vota*, originally intended for the ſecurity of liberty, were become no more than expreſſions at ſtated intervals of the publick wiſh for the health and preſervation of their prince; or the ſtones thus inſcribed originally belonged to a more ancient ſtructure.

Almoſt all the triumphal arches are ſituated in the ſame quarter, that the hero upon whom the honour of a triumph was conferred, might paſs under them in his way to the capitol, where thanks for his ſucceſs were offered to JUPITER. Hence the three before-mentioned arches are not very diſtant from each other.

The

The erection of TROPHIES was another mode among the ancient Romans of honouring a conqueror. In the court of the capitol are two of marble, both extremely beautiful. A trunk, covered with corſlets, ſhields, and other arms, is their form. They were removed from a building which belonged to the Martian aqueduct; and becauſe that part of the country was called *Cimbri*, are thought to have been raiſed in celebration of the victory which MARIUS obtained about the ſame time over the Cimbri and Teutones. This is ſtrong evidence in the judgment of NARDINI; but BELLORI thinks that theſe trophies owe their origin to TRAJAN's conqueſt in Dacia, and were placed upon the before-mentioned aqueduct, becauſe that emperor had conſiderably improved it. The workmanſhip reſembles the ſculpture of that period: the trophies in the *bas reliefs* upon TRAJAN's pillar are decorated with the ſame military

military inſtruments: upon theſe circumſtances, and an attentive inveſtigation of medals, he grounds his opinion.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO *J. H.* ESQ.

OF THE BRIDGES AND AQUEDUCTS.

NAPLES, JAN. 7, 1785.

THE bridges in Rome and its neighbourhood fail not to bring to mind ſome great battles recorded in the page of Roman hiſtory.

The *ponte Sublicio* was anciently called *Sublicius*, becauſe formed entirely of wood. It was

was conſtructed, according to DIONYSIUS of Harlicarnaſſus, by ANCUS MARTIUS, to render the communication eaſy between the people *cis et trans Tiberim.* LIVY obſerves, that it was made of wood, and put together without nails, that in caſe of an attack, it might be removed. On this bridge was diſplayed the valour of HORATIUS COCLES. PORSENA, king of the Etruſci, had ſurpriſed the Romans, and would have croſſed it but for COCLES, who kept at bay the whole army of the enemy, while the Romans behind him cut the bridge into two parts. COCLES afterwards plunged into the river and reached the ſhore unhurt. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS repaired it, and hence it frequently went by his name. Who he was cannot be determined; but it is certain that he lived at or before the time of DOMITIAN.*

* Cum tibi vicinum ſe præbeat Æmilius pons.

JUVENAL, Sat. vi.

Under

Under VESPASIAN and ANTONINUS it appears ſtill to have been of wood; but in after-ages it was rebuilt with ſtone. A part of it has been borne away by the torrent; the ruins of the other part are ſtill ſtanding in the middle of the river. The body of HELIOGABALUS was thrown from this bridge with a ſtone tied to his neck.

The *Pons Palatinus*, as appears by LIVY,* was begun by FULVIUS the cenſor, and compleated by SCIPIO AFRICANUS and LIVIUS MUMMIUS. It was probably called *Palatinus*, from its ſituation oppoſite to that hill. Some contend that its ancient name was *Senatorius*, but why I cannot learn. The modern appellation is *Ponte di St. Maria*, either on account of its vicinity to the little church of ST. MARIA, or of a mighty deed performed in the fifth century by the wonder-working image of the

* Book x. dec. 4.

bleſſed

bleſſed virgin. The rich ornaments of this ſtatue tempted a ſet of irreligious rogues to run away with it. After having ſtripped it of the jewels and other valuables, they tied a ſtone round the neck, and threw it from the bridge of *St. Angelo* into the river. It ſank, it roſe again, and ſwam to the *pons Palatinus*, where it ſtopped. Hence the bridge took the name of *St. Maria*; and within a chapel which was built upon it the ſtatue was placed, and ever afterwards received more than double adoration. If the image were made of wood, there is no need of interpoſing a miracle. It might, by the ſlipping of the cord, be ſeparated from the ſtone, and mount to the ſurface. That it was made of wood is not an unnatural conjecture; for if of metal, think you that the thieves would have caſt it away? Perhaps it was made of wood painted over, or caſed with metal, of which it was plundered together with its decorations.

rations. This bridge was rebuilt by GREGORY XIII. in 1575; and becauſe two of the arches were broken down by the inundation of 1598, and never repaired, the common people uſually term it *Ponte rotto.*

Two bridges croſs ſeparate branches of the river, and connect the iſland of Bartolomeo, formerly Licaonia, with different parts of the city. We learn from the inſcription, that the one was built by FABRICIUS, the other by CESTIUS; but who they were, or when they lived, cannot be diſcovered. The *Pons Fabricius* goes by the name of *Quattro Capi*, from a four-headed figure of JANUS which is placed near it. The *Pons Ceſtius* is called *St. Bartolomeo*, from its vicinity to the church of that iſland.

I cannot aſcertain when the *Pons Janiculenſis* was firſt built. It was probably ſo denominated, from affording a communication with the *Janiculum.* It is now called *Siſto*, becauſe it

it was reſtored from the very foundation by SIXTUS IV. who laid the firſt ſtone.

There are but few veſtiges of the *Pons Triumphalis*. It is ſaid to have been ſo called, becauſe the uſe of it excluſively belonged to triumphers, their deſcendants, and ſome illuſtrious families; but perhaps it was becauſe the triumphal proceſſion always paſſed that way to the capitol. For no other reaſon could the arch which ſtood at the end of the bridge, but of which no trace is left behind, have been diſtinguiſhed by the *general* term *Triumphalis*, from thoſe in honour of ſome *particular* hero: for no other reaſon could the ſame appellation have been given to the *campus Vaticanus*. This bridge went alſo by the name of *Vaticanus*, becauſe it united the *campus Vaticanus* with the other part of the city.

The *Pons Œlius* was built by the emperor ŒLIUS ADRIANUS, probably for the ſake of forming

forming a paſſage to his mauſoleum. *Fecit et ſui nominis pontem, et ſepulchrum juxta Tiberim,* ſays SPARTIANUS. Many repairs, embelliſhments, and additions, were made in ſubſequent times. How the mauſoleum became a fortreſs, and was called *Caſtello St. Angelo*, I have already informed you. The bridge took the name of *St. Angelo* at the ſame time.

The *Pons Milvius* was erected upon the ſpot now occupied by the *Ponte Molle*. It was conſtructed by MARCUS ŒMILIUS SCAURUS. *Milvius* is a corruption of *Œmilius*, and *Molle* of *Milvius*. It was impoſſible to paſs this bridge without recalling the deciſive victory of CONSTANTINE over MAXENTIUS, and the well-contrived ſtratagem, by which he animated his ſoldiers, of affecting to ſee in the air a croſs inſcribed with theſe words, *In hoc ſigno vinces*.

All the before-mentioned bridges are thrown over the Tiber, or Tevere; thoſe which I am now

now about to deſcribe, croſs the Anio or Teverone.

The *Ponte Salaro* is on the *Via Salaria*, and of very remote antiquity. There it was, according to LIVY, that young MANLIUS gained immortal honour. It was made of wood, and either party, by deſtroying it, might have avoided a battle. But both were confident in their ſtrength and courage. A Gaul, of enormous ſize, bade defiance to the Romans. MANLIUS ſtept forth, engaged, conquered, and took from him a *torques*, or chain, which he wore about his neck, and threw it round his own. The ſurname of TORQUATUS was immediately given to him and his family. An inſcription upon the bridge denotes that it was partly deſtroyed by TOTILA; but that NARSES, after having reſtored liberty to Rome and all Italy, cleared the bed of the river, A. D. 565, *et pontem in meliorem ſtatum, quam quondam fuit, renovavit.* The

The *Pons Nomentanus*, upon the *Via Nomentana*, is thought to have been repaired by NARSES at the ſame time as the *Pons Salarius*. Its name is corrupted into *Lamentano*.

The *Pons Mammolus*, now *Ponte Mammolo*, upon the *Via Tiburtina*, or road to Tivoli, is ſuppoſed to have been either originally built, or afterwards reſtored from a ſtate of ruin, by MAMMEA, mother of ALEXANDER SEVERUS.

The invention of AQUEDUCTS took place in the year of Rome 441. They were at firſt ſmall, but afterwards made much larger, ſo as juſtly to be ranked among the nobleſt works of the old Romans. Some, according to PROCOPIUS, were of ſo vaſt a ſize, that a man on horſeback might paſs through the channel.* BELISARIUS fortified and defended the paſs of

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* See KENNET's Antiquities, p. 57.

the aqueducts, leſt the Goths ſhould, by means of them, gain admiſſion into the city.

Thoſe of the greateſt note were the *aqua Martia*, *aqua Virgo*, and *aqua Claudia*.

The *Martian* was brought to Rome by QUINTUS MARTIUS, during his prætorſhip. STRABO ſuppoſes it to have been derived from the *Lacus Fucinus*, now called *Celano*; and FRONTINUS from a fountain in the Valerian way, thirty-three miles from Rome: this water was reckoned the beſt, and was uſed by all the city. The part for the benefit of the inhabitants, on the ſide of mount Celius, was introduced at or near the *Porta Maggiore*. Many of the arches upon the *Eſquiline* (for it entered the city in that quarter alſo) are ſtill ſtanding.

The aqueduct by which AGRIPPA conveyed *aqua Virgo* to Rome, was fourteen miles in length. MARLIANUS ſhews, by an inſcription which originally belonged to it, that it was entirely

entirely rebuilt by the emperor CLAUDIUS. Authors cannot agree about the origin of the name. CASSIODORUS derives it from the purity of the water; FRONTINUS, from the fountain which ſupplies it having been firſt diſcovered by a virgin. PLINY gives an account different from both. With this water SIXTUS V. formed the beautiful *Fontana de Trevi.*

It appears from FRONTINUS, who has this expreſſion, "*ad milliarium* XXXVIII. *concipitur* "*aqua Claudia*," that the aqueduct which conveyed water from the greateſt diſtance was the *Claudian.* It was begun by CALIGULA, and finiſhed by CLAUDIUS his ſucceſſor. A large piece of it is now ſtanding, and from the road to Fraſcati and Marino forms a noble object. Next to the *Martian* this was reckoned the beſt water.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate ſon,

B. H.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

OF THE BATHS.

NAPLES, JAN. 11, 1785.

BATHS being an article of luxury in which the old Romans delighted, no expence was ſpared to render them not only commodious, but magnificent.

The baths of CARACALLA had ſeveral large courts for the combats, and porticoes for the benefit of the philoſophers. The interior dimenſion was one thouſand one hundred and ninety-one feet in length. It is ſaid that two thouſand three hundred might have bathed without being ſeen by each other. According

to

to OLYMPIODORUS there were one thouſand ſix hundred large ſeats of marble: *habebant in uſum lavantium ſellas mille ſexcentas e polito marmore factas.* The *aqua Appia* afforded the ſupply of water.

Theſe baths are ſituated at the foot of the *Aventine*, near the *quondam* palace of CARACALLA; and, altho' in ruins, bear the marks of having been, as EUTROPIUS juſtly calls them, *opus egregium.* Many of the arches, and the ſteps which conducted to the ſeats, are ſtill ſtanding. I crawled up ſeveral flights, that I might take a view of this huge pile of brick from the top of a large arch. It was covered with graſs: the maſs ſo trembled under me, that I expected to accompany it to the bottom. One caſt of the eye contented me.

Although the remains of the publick baths built by DIOCLESIAN be not conſiderable, their ſituation and extent are eaſily diſcoverable.

They

They took in a large ſpace of ground, and muſt have been of greater ſize than CARACALLA's, as three thouſand might bathe at the ſame time.

The baths of TITUS are ſometimes called the baths of TRAJAN. NARDINI ſuppoſes them to have been enlarged by TRAJAN. Within a vineyard upon the Eſquiline, where they were ſituated, are ſome remains in brick, which form an arcade, and reſemble the covering of ancient baths. At no great diſtance, in another vineyard, are the *ſette ſalle di Tito*. There are in fact nine; but they paſs by the name of ſeven, becauſe that number was diſcovered firſt, and at the ſame time. Theſe *ſalle*, or chambers, are of various dimenſions. Some are inclined to think that this building was the celebrated *Nymphæum* of MARCUS AURELIUS;*

* "The *Nymphæa*," ſays KENNET, "are a kind of grottoes "ſacred to the nymphs, from whoſe ſtatues which adorned "them, or from the waters and fountains which they afforded, "their

others, that it was a reſervoir of water for the ſupply of the baths. The thickneſs of the walls is a ſtrong argument in favour of the laſt opinion.

The baths of LIVIA are ſituated on mount Palatine, in the Farneſe gardens which belong to the king of Naples, as heir of the Farneſe family. They conſiſt of ſmall chambers, the walls of which are ornamented with paintings either of foliage, or ſmall well-deſigned figures in the moſt graceful and eaſy attitudes. Some of theſe figures are executed in gold colour on an azure ground, others in azure on a gold ground. Many have ſuffered but little from the hand of time. I was accompanied by a young Engliſh ſtudent in architecture, who ſo admired theſe decorations, that he told me he

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"their name is evidently derived." AMMIANUS, book xv. relates, "that the people, when there was a ſcarcity of wine, "uſed to ſeek water in the *Nymphæum* of M. AURELIUS."

ſhould

ſhould copy them as a deſign for a ceiling. Theſe baths, as well as thoſe of TITUS above-mentioned, appear to be of a private kind.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXXV.

TO *I. H.* ESQ.

OF THE
AMPHITHEATRES, THEATRES, CIRCI, AND NAUMACHIÆ.

NAPLES, JAN. 15, 1785.

THE Roman AMPHITHEATRES were made of wood, and moveable, until the time of STATILIUS TAURUS, the great friend of AUGUSTUS: he firſt conſtructed one of ſtone. Their ſhape

ſhape was oval. In them were exhibited the combats of the gladiators and *beſtiarii.*

The *coloſſeo*, a term which has ſince been corrupted into *coliſeo*, is one of the grandeſt monuments of antiquity. It was ſo called, becauſe built on that part of the ruins of the *aurea tecta* of NERO, near to which ſtood his *coloſſal* ſtatue. It is ſituated between the Celian, Palatine, and Eſquiline hills. It was large enough to ſupply ſeats for eighty-ſeven thouſand people, not to mention twenty thouſand who might conveniently ſtand in the angles and corners. The exterior circumference is one thouſand ſix hundred and ſixteen feet. The greater part of the ſouth ſide is fallen down; the northern is ſtill in excellent preſervation. It is ornamented with four orders of architecture. The loweſt is Dorick, the next Ionick, the third Corinthian, and the fourth Compoſite. The three firſt-mentioned have columns; the

laſt

laſt has pilaſtres. Half of the diameter of the columns is ſhut within the wall. Between each of the three ranks are eighty arches of equal ſize. Theſe have an open communication with a double portico, which ſurrounded the building, and was uſed by the ſpectators when they were deſirous of air or exerciſe. It appears that there were ſtatues between the columns, for the niche and pedeſtal are ſtill to be ſeen. Between the pilaſtres, which project but little from the wall, are ſmall ſquare holes, to which were fixed cords, for the purpoſe of extending the canvaſs over the heads of the ſpectators, in caſe of heat or rain.

You will take notice, that I have hitherto been viewing this amphitheatre from the outſide: let me now conduct you to the interior, which, I am ſorry to ſay, is in a great ſtate of decay. The *arena* is ſo raiſed by the ruins, that great part of it is buried. The ſeats were

ſupported

ſupported by arches, and roſe one above another; but moſt of them are fallen. Two, however, of a ſuperior ſize towards the bottom, ſtill keep their place; and as the moſt honourable ſituation was neareſt to the *arena*, they are ſuppoſed to have been the ſeats of the emperor and empreſs. The people occupied the top. They aſcended by two large flights of ſteps on the outſide, which, on account of the great crowds who went up and down, were diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Vomitoria*.

The nails of bronze which united more firmly the ſtones of this ſuperb ſtructure, were drawn out by the Goths upon the ſacking of the city. Hence the numerous holes obſervable in the walls. Some of the other materials were employed in building the *Cancellaria*, and the *Farneſe* palace.

Flavius Vespasian is ſaid to have employed, in conſtructing this amphitheatre, thirty thouſand

thouſand Jews whom he had made priſoners, and to have finiſhed it in leſs than a year. On the opening it, at the time of its dedication by TITUS, fifty thouſand beaſts were ſlain there, and vaſt ſums were given to the people that the feſtival might laſt one hundred days.

Its preſent is far different from its original uſe. The *arena* is not choaked with paltry little houſes as at Niſmes, but is become a place of devotion. There is a little church called *La Pietà*, to which BENEDICT XIV. in 1750, added fourteen chapels in honour of the myſteries of the paſſion.

The *Meta Sudans* ſtands near the amphitheatre. By whom it was raiſed, is a matter of great doubt.* It was pyramidal, like the *meta*, or goal, in the *Circi*; and as it was hol-

* That it was embelliſhed, if not built, by TITUS, is intimated by a medal of that emperor, which repreſents a *meta ſudans* by the ſide of the amphitheatre. SENECA, reciting the diſagreeable noiſes which infeſted his houſe, ſays, "*Eſſedias* "*tranſcurrentes pono, et fabrum inquilinum et ſerrarium vici-*
"*num,*

low, and threw water from the top, which courſed down its ſides, the epithet *ſudans* was added. There the combatants went to quench their thirſt: no fountain now pours forth its ſtreams: nought but a ſmall heap of brick, cemented by dirt, is now to be ſeen.

The Roman THEATRES were ſemicircular, and deſigned for ſcenick entertainments. They were compoſed of wood, and occaſionally put together and taken to pieces again, until the time of POMPEY, who undertook to raiſe a fixed theatre.* This great general, on return

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" *num, aut hunc qui ad Metam ſudantem tubas experitur, et* " *tibias; nec cantat ſed exclamat.*" Epiſt. lvii. Did the *Meta ſudans*, which ſtood in the time of SENECA, receive ſome additional ornaments from TITUS; or was it, as NARDINI conjectures, (but without explaining his grounds) pulled down by NERO when he extended his palace, and afterwards rebuilt by TITUS; or was it another in a different ſituation?

* " Quippe erant qui quoque Cn. Pompeium incuſatum a " ſenioribus ferrent quod manſuram theatri ſedem poſuiſſet. " Nam antea ſubitariis gradibus et ſcenâ in tempus ſtructâ " ludos edi ſolitos." TACIT. b. xiv.

from the war againſt MITHRIDATES, which he had ſucceſsfully finiſhed, ſtopped at Mitylene, and was preſent at the anniverſary exerciſes or contentions of the poets. "Being exceedingly "pleaſed," ſays PLUTARCH, "with the thea-"tre itſelf, he drew a model of it, intending "to erect one in Rome in the ſame form, but "larger and more magnificent."* The ſpot which he choſe was the *Campo di Fiore*, and in carrying his deſign into execution he ſpent ſo much money, that he was obliged for ſome time afterwards to practiſe the ſtricteſt œconomy. All that remains of this theatre, which, according to NARDINI, had eighty thouſand ſeats, is a part of the foundation. The ſtones appear to ſupport each other in ſuch a manner, that the removal of one would occaſion the downfal of the whole maſs.

* PLUTARCH's Life of POMPEY, 8vo edit. p. 107.

The

The theatre of MARCELLUS was built by AUGUSTUS, and ſo called from a deſire to immortalize the name of his nephew. It contained thirty thouſand ſeats. A conſiderable piece of remains in the *Piazza Montanara* proves it to have been ſemicircular, like the other Roman theatres.

The CIRCI were other places of amuſement. In them were repreſented not only the chariot-races, but the ſame ſhows as in the amphitheatre and *naumachiæ*. They were generally an oblong, rounded at one end.

The inſtitution of a *Circus* in Rome is attributed to TARQUINIUS PRISCUS. He had gained a victory over the Latini, and taken one of their towns: "*Prædâque inde majore*," ſays LIVY, "*quam quanta belli fama fuerat, revectâ*, "*ludos opulentius inſtructiuſque quam priores*

"*reges*

" *reges fecit. Tum primum Circo, qui nunc* " *maximus dicitur, deſignatus locus eſt.*"* It afterwards became one of the moſt magnificent buildings in Rome, and hence was named *Maximus*. According to PLINY, it held two hundred and ſixty thouſand perſons. It occupied the whole ſpace between the Palatine and Aventine hills; but it is impoſſible from preſent appearances to trace its boundaries.

The *Circus* of CARACALLA is ſituated between the Appian way and the preſent road to Albano. The outward brick walls, which are of great thickneſs, and about fifteen feet high, are ſtill ſtanding. The ſituation of the *arena*,

* Edit. Crev. lib. i. p. 72. Before the time of TARQUIN, " *In litore fluminis,*" ſays SERVIUS, " *circenſes agitabantur:* " *in altero latere poſitis gladiis, ut ab utrâque parte eſſet igna-* " *viæ præſens periculum.*" VIRGIL alludes to this ancient cuſtom in the following line:

——— " *Agitabo ad flumina currus.*"

The *ludi Circenſes* were an imitation of the *Olympick* games.

the

the *metæ*,* and the *ſpina*,† are diſtinguiſhable. The portico at the Eaſtern end, and the three towers at the Weſtern, were ſo many places of entrance. The galleries afforded ſufficient room for ſixty thouſand ſpectators. Near this *circus* is the remnant of a building encompaſſed with high walls. It is commonly ſuppoſed to have been the place, where thoſe who were to appear in the *circus* changed their robes.

It was the practice of the old Romans to exerciſe their valour in NAVAL COMBATS, either upon a river or tranquil ſea. At length many

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* A *meta*, or goal, was placed at a ſmall diſtance from each extremity.

† A partition, like the ſpine of the back, divided the *circus* lengthwiſe, leaving only a certain ſpace at each end. The chariots went down on the right ſide, and after having ſeven times made the circuit of the goal, returned on the left.

buildings were erected for that purpoſe in the neighbourhood of Rome. As the *circi* were frequently uſed for this kind of game, it is commonly conjectured, that the NAUMACHIA was of the ſame form as the *circus*. But the only one whoſe ſhape I could diſtinguiſh (I mean that which is ſhewn at ADRIAN'S villa) is unqueſtionably circular. The *circus*, as well as the *naumachia*, had an *Euripus*.*

Your's, &c.

B. H.

* JULIUS CÆSAR, that the elephants might be kept from coming too near the ſpectators, ſurrounded the *cavea*, or that part of the *arena* appointed for the combats, with a canal ten feet in width, and as many in depth, which took its name from Euripus, an extremely narrow arm of ſea between the iſland of Eubœa and the continent of Bœotia.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

OF THE OBELISKS.

NAPLES, JAN. 17, 1785.

OBELISKS were made uſe of by the Egyptians to tranſmit to poſterity the principal precepts of philoſophy, which were generally engraved upon them in hieroglyphical characters. They are more an object of wonder than the pyramids. The latter ſeem only to have required a great deal of time in the building: but as the former conſiſted of only one piece of granite, it is matter of aſtoniſhment that in thoſe remote ages the mode of raiſing them was underſtood. When the Romans carried their

arms to the banks of the Nile, they were ſtruck with theſe ſuperb monuments, and removed many of them to Rome. There they were applied to the purpoſe of perpetuating the memory of important events and illuſtrious characters.

The four largeſt in Rome are thoſe in the *Piazza di St. Pietro, di St. Giovanni Laterano, del Popolo,* and *di Santa Maria Maggiore.* The ſecond and third are ornamented with hieroglyphicks of birds, beaſts, &c. In theſe diſtant times it is difficult to affix a meaning to them. I know that ſome authors have attempted it. Their ingenuity is to be admired, but they afford no conviction.

The obeliſk in the *Piazza di St. Pietro* was, according to Pliny, firſt erected in Eliopolis by Noncoreus, king of Egypt, and tranſported to Rome by Caligula, in the third year of his reign. He cauſed it to be placed in his

Circus

Circus Vaticanus, afterwards called the *Circus of* NERO, becauſe it was near the gardens of that Emperor. CONSTANTINE having deſtroyed this *circus*, the obeliſk remained among the ruins near the ſacriſty of St. PETER's, until SIXTUS V. A. D. 1586, ordered it to be raiſed in the *piazza*. Forty cranes, one hundred horſes, and eight hundred men, were employed in the work. It is one hundred and twenty-four feet in height, including the pedeſtal and croſs. The top was once crowned by a ball of gilt copper, which is thought to have incloſed the aſhes of NERO. This obeliſk is eſteemed the moſt beautiful and beſt proportioned in Rome.

The obeliſk of St. GIOVANNI is one hundred and forty feet from the level of the *piazza* to the ſummit of the croſs. CONSTANTINE removed it from Thebes to Alexandria by means of the Nile, and built a large ſhip to carry

carry it to Rome. He died, however, before it was put into execution, ſo that it was left to be done by his ſon CONSTANCE, who placed it in the middle of the *Circus Maximus*. It was dug out of the ruins of this *circus*, and fixed in its preſent ſituation by SIXTUS V. A. D. 1588.

The obeliſk in the *Piazza del Popolo* was made by order of SEMNESERTEUS, who reigned in Egypt five hundred and twenty-two years before the birth of our Saviour. AUGUSTUS, who cauſed it to be brought from Eliopolis, raiſed it in the *Circus Maximus*, and gave it his own name, as appears by the ancient inſcription on the pedeſtal. This obeliſk met with the ſame fate as that of St. GIOVANNI LATERANO. It lay among the ruins of the ſame *circus*, whence it was, likewiſe, removed by the order of SIXTUS V. FONTANA has placed it with great judgment. It faces on one ſide the great

great gate, or *Porta del Popolo*; and on the other, three long grand ſtreets. When viewed from the remote end of either of them, it terminates a noble *viſta*. It is eighty-one feet nine inches in height, from the pavement to the ſummit of the croſs.

The obeliſk of SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE was tranſported from Egypt by the emperor CLAUDIUS, and placed as an ornament *vis à vis* to the mauſoleum of AUGUSTUS. It lay neglected and broken in the ſtreet of Ripetta for many ages. SIXTUS V. united the pieces, and erected it in this *piazza*. It is about ſixty feet high, from the top of the croſs to the foot of the pedeſtal.

In addition to this account, I cannot forbear to mention the obeliſk which was diſcovered in 1502 among the ruins of the *Campus Martius*. Being in too bad a ſtate to be put together, it lies ſecured from future injury in a court behind

hind St. Lorenzo, in Lucina. The pieces are covered with very beautiful hieroglyphicks. The pedeſtal bears an inſcription, which ſpecifies that Augustus, *Ægypto in poteſtatem populi Romani redactâ*, dedicated this obeliſk to the Sun, whence it was called the *ſolar* obeliſk. This Emperor made it ſerve as a meridian to mark the ſhadows of the mid-day ſun at different ſeaſons of the year, and thus ſhew the different length of the days. Pliny, who commends the genius of Augustus for the invention, adds, that from ſome cauſe or other the gnomon had not told truth for the laſt thirty years.*

Having deſcribed the principal antiquities in and about Rome, as well thoſe which the old Romans erected themſelves, whether from views of utility or luxury, as thoſe which they introduced from foreign countries, I have com-

* Natural Hiſtory, b. xxxvi. c. 10.

pleated

pleated what I propoſed to myſelf. It is time to relieve you from a ſubject, upon which ſome of you, perhaps, think that I have already expatiated too much; and to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO MRS. *H.*

NAPLES, JAN. 18, 1785.

YOU muſt have noticed that in my account of the ancient remains I ſaid nothing of the ſtatues. To have attempted an enumeration of *them*, or the paintings, would have been an endleſs taſk. Rome is the ſituation for the young ſculptor or painter. If he be not wanting

ing in capacity, he cannot fail to improve his taſte: but the gardener cannot there learn to adorn the ſcenes of nature. The ſituation of the *Villa Pamphili* is extremely beautiful. It commands on one ſide an irregular extent of country; and on the other, Rome and the ſeveral hills which ſurround it. *St. Peter*'s, though an object of magnitude, appears but ſmall; not, however, from the diſtance, but upon a compariſon with the circumjacent hills. What capability for the hand of a BROWN! It is truly lamentable to ſee the lovely garb of nature exchanged for ſuch awkward and gaudy attire. The paths are ſtraight lines, the graſs-plots are of the mince-pie order, and ſometimes cut into the ſhape of birds, trees, and other fantaſtick figures.

I went upon ſeveral pleaſant expeditions to Fraſcati, Tivoli, and other places near Rome. Sometimes I travelled upon the old *Appian* way,

way, which would be very little reliſhed by you, who have been uſed to ſuch excellent roads as ſcarcely to perceive the motion of a carriage. The difference between the trotting and walking of the horſes made me ſenſible of the force of HORACE's obſervation, that the Appian way is leaſt troubleſome to the *ſlow* traveller. It is alſo very narrow, as well as very rough. The Roman cars, if we may judge from the *bas reliefs*, were not very wide; and it is well that they were not, for otherwiſe two could not have paſſed each other.

The ancient remains of temples, ſtatues, &c. together with the environs of Rome, ſupply an ample fund of entertainment to the ſtranger; but unleſs he be there at the time of the Carnival, the theatres and concert rooms are ſhut. The only publick amuſement during my reſidence of ſix weeks, was a combat between men and buffalos in the amphitheatre, once the mauſoleum

ſoleum of AUGUSTUS. In dens round the *arena* are confined the beaſts, which, before they are turned looſe, are goaded through interſtices with the point of a ſpear. The combatant is furniſhed with arrows, one of which he holds in his right hand, and in his left a red cloak. The door flies open, the provoked, the almoſt mad buffalo ruſhes furiouſly into the *arena*; the man preſents his cloak a little on one ſide of his own body, the buffalo butts at it with his horns, while an arrow pierces his neck. Soon his neck is full of arrows, the blood flows copiouſly, and he roars hideouſly; then, in *mercy*, (it is altogether a *merciful* affair, is it not?) one of the combatants retires, and fetches a ſword, with which he contrives to give a mortal wound. A ſledge is brought, the ſlain animal is placed upon it, the victor mounts upon the body, and is drawn triumphant, amid the acclamations, out of the amphitheatre. I

muſt

muſt not forget to tell you that one of the men had a very narrow eſcape. His cloak was beaten out of his hand, he fled, was purſued, and would have been much injured, if not killed, but for his agility in making a leap of conſiderable height, by which he reached the hand of one of the ſpectators, and was pulled up among us.

In this exhibition we ſee a trace of ancient Rome. Manly, not cruel, diverſions ſhould be choſen for the people. Adieu!

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO *J. H.* ESQ.

OF THE GOVERNMENT OF ROME.

NAPLES, JAN. 19, 1785.

THE Cardinals formerly had a power of limiting the temporal authority of the Pope, but little by little he is become abſolute. He has no occaſion to call parliaments or councils; and if he be a man of firmneſs, he may follow no other rule than his own will. But the Pope being, in general, advanced in life, the Cardinals do almoſt whatever they pleaſe. If they violate the laws, who ſhall call them to an account? The Governor is the ſupreme criminal judge, and has the charge of the police; but the credit of a Cardinal, who is ſo much more

more powerful, turns a deciſion any way. What good can I do in a ſituation, in which I am ſubject to as many maſters as there are Cardinals? ſaid Signor BONDELMONTI, the governor in 1740. But this is not all. They not only defy the arm of juſtice themſelves, but render it unavailing againſt any of their retinue. The houſe of a cardinal, the diſtrict of an ambaſſador, the churches, &c. are ſo many places of ſecurity for tranſgreſſors againſt the law. Near the *piazza d' Eſpagna* is a place, privileged, I believe, by the Spaniſh ambaſſador, whoſe palace is in the vicinity. There you may ſee the aſſaſſin moving with ſlow pace, and carrying in his countenance the deformity of guilt. He ſeems to regret that he cannot go beyond his circle of ſafety, only becauſe he cannot execute other plans of wickedneſs.

I have already ſaid, that the lower claſſes in vain ſeek for juſtice in a conteſt with the higher orders;

orders; but you will think their condition ſtill worſe, ere I have finiſhed this letter.

Under an eccleſiaſtical government, nothing can be more unfavourable to the happineſs of the governed, than a received belief that prieſts are the anointed of heaven, and endowed with particular privileges by GOD. It occaſions a ſtrong line of demarcation between the clergy and laity. The former become conceited and dictatorial; the latter, abject, and prepared by ſervitude of mind for ſubmiſſion to every ſpecies of tyranny. Accordingly we find, that the commonalty of Rome are not only paſſive under inſolence, but under the ſevereſt oppreſſion. The hand of induſtry is palſied by power. The huſbandman is obliged to ſell his wheat to the publick treaſury, who fix the value themſelves. They put it ſo low, that agriculture ſtands ſtill, and the whole country looks forlorn and depopulated. The wheat is again diſpoſed of by the

the government at a very advanced rate through the hands of their own bakers, none being allowed to exerciſe that employment without a licence. If a year of ſcarcity arrive, a quantity is privately removed from the publick granaries to Civita-Vecchia, makes a ſmall voyage at ſea, and, returning as a foreign article, fetches a conſiderable price. Thus the people are cheated under the form of kindneſs. Theſe, and other unjuſt methods of enriching his nephews, are uſually practiſed by the Popes, who, in proportion to their age at the period of attaining the dignity, are the more in haſte to accompliſh their rapacious deſigns.

The *Congregazione del Indice*, and the court of Inquiſition, deſerve a high place in the catalogue of grievances.

The *Congregazione del Indice* deliberates upon what publications ſhall be kept from the

ſight of the faithful. Thoſe works, the reading of which is prohibited, are ſtated in a book or index. It makes an octavo volume cloſely printed; and you will be ſurpriſed to hear that, until lately, all the treatiſes in favour of the earth's motion were amongſt the number to be regarded with abhorrence by the true Catholick. This act of mercy was not, however, obtained without preſſing ſolicitations on the part of the learned.

The Inquiſition, or Holy Office, takes cognizance of hereſy, or the *crime* of holding any doctrine different from the eſtabliſhed faith. The hiſtory of this tribunal is replete with horror.

Theſe are a few traits of the *internal* government of Rome. Is ſhe well provided againſt *outward* attacks? Far from it. If ſome of the European powers could agree about the diviſion

ſion of the carcaſe, the death of the animal would ſoon follow.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate ſon,

B. H.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

NAPLES, JAN, 20, 1785.

I ENTERED this city when it was nearly dark: the approach was announced to me upon ſeeing from the window of my carriage a narrow flood of fire, rolling from the top to the bottom of a lofty mountain. I began to anticipate the pleaſure to be derived from examining Veſuvius more nearly. Soon I became acquainted

with Monſieur B——, a Poliſh count. He is a very tall, ſtout man, and has a great deal of fierceneſs in his countenance. His character will be beſt underſtood from a *trait* or two of his conduct, which I ſhall hereafter mention. He was glad to join me in any of my expeditions; for not being able to talk Italian, he could gain but little information by going alone. Having ſchemed a midnight viſit to the mountain, we took a *caleſſe*, by means of which we ſhortly reached Portici. I muſt ſtop my narrative to deſcribe to you this little carriage. With difficulty two perſons can thruſt themſelves into it. It is exceedingly light, moves upon two wheels, and is drawn by a ſingle horſe about 13 hands and a half high. You take the reins, or ropes, in your own hands, the *caleſſiere* mounts behind; he holds the whip, and flogs almoſt unremittingly: you are to guide. It is indeed a moſt rapid mode of

conveyance.

conveyance. You may take the whip yourſelf, if you pleaſe; but in ſuch caſe, if any accident happen, you are reſponſible. The caleſſes ſtand in the ſtreets, like our hackney-coaches.

To reſume.—Portici ſtands upon the ruins of the ancient Herculaneum. The remains of an amphitheatre are to be ſeen. Tombs, lamps, vaſes, ſtatues, have been dug up, and among other things, a cake, which, though burnt through, has preſerved its entire form, but looks as if it could be blown away with the leaſt puff of breath. The ſeveral curioſities are collected in the king's cabinet at Portici. At firſt the antiquarian was at a loſs what name he ſhould aſſign to the place; but two beautiful equeſtrian ſtatues were afterwards found, and on the pedeſtal of one is the following inſcription:

M. NONIO. M. BALBI, F.
P. P. HERCULANENSES.

This,

This, and ſome other diſcoveries, removed all doubts.

At Portici we hired mules, and three attendants; and provided ourſelves with torches, and means of ſtriking a light. We proceeded ſlowly over jagged beds of *lava*, the produce of paſt eruptions, to the foot of the mountain. There we left our animals under charge of one of the men, who was to kindle a fire, that upon our return we might know where to find him. With the other two, who were to be our conductors, we began to aſcend. One walked before the Count, the other before me: both had a lighted flambeau, and a handkerchief tied round the middle, by which we might hold, and ſupport ourſelves from falling. The Count, upon looking up, aſſerted that it was nothing, and that he would ſoon be at the top. I, to whom it occurred that the apparent was taken by him for the real diſtance, and that more

more difficulties might preſent themſelves than he was aware of, judged differently. *He* ſet off furiouſly; *I* leiſurely, like a perſon who thought it poſſible that he might have occaſion for all his ſtrength, and therefore would not ſpend it in one great exertion. It was indeed a moſt tireſome march. The warm and looſe ſand ſo yielded, that in two or three ſteps we advanced little more than one. The half way is marked by an immenſe ſtone, which had formerly been diſcharged from the crater. My companion had been a long time far before me, but ere he could reach this deſirable reſting-place, I came up with him. His note was changed. He vented his complaints, as faſt as puffing and blowing would allow. "What a "dreadful journey is this! I can no longer "ſtand it; a man ought to have made his "will before he undertook to climb *cette mau-*"*dite montagne.*" I was no leſs tired than he,

he, and my legs ached from the conſtant ſtrain of muſcles, but I determined to perſevere. One of the guides, hearing a rumbling noiſe within, exclaimed, 'It is a fine night for you, 'gentlemen; the mountain is in excellent hu-'mour.' Scarcely had he ſaid it, when we heard an exploſion, and ſaw *flammarum globos* mount high in the air. Again we began to climb, but we were obliged to ſtop and reſt ourſelves almoſt every minute. On our paſſage we met a lady returning, who ought rather to have been going; for fire-works, as you well know, only appear to advantage at night. She was in a ſmall chair carried by men, who had, I ſuppoſe, conveyed her in that manner to the top. Imagine us now to have conquered all our difficulties, without the leaſt aſſiſtance from the handkerchief; for the Count had vowed, before we ſet off, *he* would not touch it; and *I*, not to be outdone, had made the ſame reſolution,

lution. We ſtood on the edge of the crater, and endeavoured with our eyes to fathom the abyſs. But from the boiling beneath continually aroſe a ſmall body of ſmoke, which intercepted our view. The wind, being luckily favourable, blew it from us, ſo that we could fairly ſee acroſs the mouth. The crater, though it appears from Naples to draw to a narrow point, is full half a mile in diameter. Within it, but at the ſide oppoſite to us, ſtands a ſmall conical mountain, which had been thrown up in ſome convulſion. While we were ſurveying it, every token of an approaching eruption ſhewed itſelf. The ground ſhook under us: repeated noiſes, like thunder-claps, proclaimed the inward combuſtion. During this ſtate of anxious expectation, a volley of red-hot ſtones was thrown to a great height perpendicularly from the top of this little conical mountain, and falling in the ſame direction upon the ſides of it, occaſioned

ſioned a deep hollow ſound. In vain we attempted to crawl round the crater to that part where the fire appeared to flow. Our deſcent took but little time, for as the ſand gave way with each ſtep, we had only to bring the hinder leg forward as faſt as poſſible. About two o'clock in the morning we arrived ſafe at Naples.

This was not my only trip to Veſuvius. By the ſide of it ſtands Somma, a lower, but not volcanick mountain, on the top of which reſides a hermit. An Engliſh gentleman and lady, and myſelf, made him a viſit. We carried cold meat, which we waſhed down with ſome of his *lacryma chriſti*, a moſt delicious kind of wine. The terrace before his little cottage commands the moſt lovely proſpect in nature. You have the ocean ſtudded with the iſlands Proſcida, Nicida, Iſchia, and the ſtill larger Caprea, made famous by having been the retreat of TIBERIUS:

RIUS: you have two ſpacious bays bordered by hills in the form of a creſcent. On the declivity of the moſt central you have the city of Naples, which appears to greater advantage than from the Certoſa, a monaſtery directly above it upon the ſummit of the ſame hill, or than from a boat in the centre of the bay. In the evening we deſcended Somma, and directed our ſteps over a rough road of lava to the baſe of Veſuvius. We went to the end of that ſtream of fire, the higher part of which the Count and I had not been able to reach. It did not appear to be lava, but what is called laſtre, a kind of cruſt detached from the interior of the furnace, reſembling baked earth. Theſe laſtre are frequently vomited out of the mountain. I lighted my torch by one of the pieces, but was obliged to hold my hand before my face, leſt it ſhould be ſcorched.

The

The lava is of the conſiſtency of paſte, and ſluggiſh in its courſe. When it is cold, buttons, ſnuff-boxes, &c. are made of it. I intend to put ſome of theſe *bagatelles* into my trunk; but I am not without fear, that travelling ſo many hundred miles may break the brittle materials into ſhatters.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

NAPLES, JAN. 21, 1785.

ON a future day I puſhed my route ſtill further to the eaſtward of Naples, accompanied by two Engliſh gentlemen, and Monſ. B——. Our plan was formed after dinner: we ſent for a coach

a coach and four horſes, and, without making any inquiries, ſet off immediately in queſt of the remains of ſome Grecian temples at Peſti. After having travelled ſome diſtance, the coachman told us that a little place called *Torre del Greco* was near, and that there he muſt ſtay ſome hours to reſt and feed his cattle. We were turned into a miſerable hole, and could get nothing but *provola* and ſour wine. *Provola* is a kind of ſoft cheeſe made of the milk of buffalos. We wiſhed for a ſhort repoſe, and inquired for chambers. We were ſhewn into one, which, it was ſaid, would accommodate all the party. It had two beds: in one lay a man, by the ſide of whom, in a chair, was a brace of piſtols; the other, which was tolerably large, and had two pillows at each end, was intended for us. There we *four* were to ſleep together, between ſheets as black as the chimney-back. This was too bad. Three of

us

us took our ſeats in the coach; one of my Engliſh companions tried the ſtable, but as there was ſcarcely any thing to lie upon, he ſoon joined us. Not being able to cloſe my eyes, I opened the door of the carriage, went up ſtairs, and threw myſelf down upon the dirty coverlet. My moving awoke the Italian in the other bed, who called out, Who is there? Perhaps it was well for me that I could reply in his own tongue, for otherwiſe he might have fired at me. At length the time of our departure arrived. The innkeeper demanded ſuch an immoderate ſum for our poor repaſt, that I refuſed to pay. He ſwore that we ſhould not quit the place until he was ſatisfied, and ſhut the gates of the yard. The Count aſked me in French what was the matter, and upon being informed, begged to alight: "for what?" ſaid I, "M. le Comte." 'To cut off his head,' replied he with great earneſtneſs. I contrived to

quiet

quiet him, by ſaying, that ſince all management was confided to me, it would be but an ill compliment to take it out of my hands. Being the moſt converſant with the language of the country, I had the trouble of acting as caterer and paymaſter. Finding my hoſt extremely obſtinate, I gave him an *accidental* peep of a piſtol, which operated with magical force. He no longer declined the ſum I tendered; he opened the gates, begged pardon for his conduct, and retired thoroughly affrighted with the ſight of that which I had no intention to uſe. At Salerno, the road being no longer paſſable in a carriage, we hired two *caleſſes*. In croſſing a heavy moor, one of the wheels ſuddenly plunged into a deep rut, and I was pecked out on my head, but not hurt. The evening began to ſet in: a dreadful ſtorm of thunder rattled in our ears, the lightning flaſhed, and gave us repeated glances of the ſuperb remains which we

ſought.

ſought. Where *Poſſidonia* once ſtood, a few ſcattered cottages are now the only marks of human abode. We entered one of them: three ſavage-looking men and an old woman were ſeated near a wood-fire, which had almoſt involved them in ſmoke. The door not only gave admiſſion, but ſerved as a window and chimney to this, and a ſtill ſmaller room within. *Coſa da mangiare?* was the firſt queſtion: *provola*, was the anſwer. The Polander propoſed that a large cock, which was ſtrutting about the floor, ſhould be killed; the old woman had no objection; the creature was ſoon deprived of his exiſtence; and entrails and all, while yet warm, put into the pot. As might be expected, it was ſo tough that we could hardly cut it up. The Polander, with a great broad ſword which I could ſcarcely wield, chopt it in quarters; but he needed not to have troubled himſelf about the partition, for neither of us choſe to ſhare with

with him. He ate heartily; and perhaps to the great quantity of this indigeſtible food with which he loaded his ſtomach, is to be attributed his ſickneſs of the ſubſequent day. In the interior room was a bed, which might vie in filth with that at Torre del Greco. One of my countrymen and myſelf threw ourſelves upon it. The other and the count extended themſelves upon ſome ſheep-ſkins. We had a little oil in a lamp, which we lighted. A chair was placed againſt the door. Shut up within a very confined ſpace which had ſcarcely any communication with the air, we were almoſt ſuffocated with heat. We fancied that an attempt might be made to aſſaſſinate us for the property we might be ſuppoſed to have, and therefore it was thought proper to mount guard. Being leſs drowſy than the reſt, I undertook to watch the two firſt hours. A brace of loaded piſtols and a cutlaſs were my arms.

At the expiration of the time I called to my comrades, who declared that they could not anſwer for keeping awake. All of us ſoon ſank into a profound ſleep. In a little while I heard a low muttering voice, without being able to diſtinguiſh a word. After liſtening ſome time, I was made eaſy by hearing my own name. "What ſhall we do?" ſaid the gentleman by my ſide, "the light is going out: in the dark "we may miſtake friends for enemies, and in-"jure each other." A council was held, and it was determined not to call for more oil, leſt we ſhould make known our fears. All theſe precautions were thought neceſſary to guard againſt a danger, which in the event proved imaginary. I aroſe early, and haſtened to the temples.

Παιϛος, or *Pæſtum*, afterwards called *Poſſidonia*, a city at the weſtern extremity of *Lucania*, was founded by the Dorians according to ſome,

or

or by the Sybarites according to others. The quadrangular form of the outward walls built of large ſquare ſtones, the towers with which they were fortified, one of the four gates, and the remains of an amphitheatre, are eaſily diſtinguiſhable. Almoſt all the columns of three large and magnificent temples are ſtill ſtanding. They are of the Dorick order, and being without baſe, and of a thickneſs diſproportionate to their height, are evidently of remote antiquity. Several buffalos ranged free within the building, where no animal formerly entered but to be ſlain with the ſacred knife. Is it not OVID who has this expreſſion, *roſea Peſte?* In vain will the traveller look for roſes now.

The attention of the curious was not directed to theſe invaluable pieces of Greek architecture until 1755. Then a young pupil in painting, who accidentally ſaw them, ſpoke of them in

high terms to his maſter. Plans were ſoon afterwards drawn and publiſhed.

Having gratified our curioſity, we departed for Salerno, where we had a very decent bed and ſupper. Had we been well informed, we ſhould have ſet off from Naples early in the morning, and ſlept that night at Salerno. Thence we might have gone to Peſti the next morning, and returned the ſame day. Thus we ſhould have eſcaped two diſagreeable nights, which we were obliged to paſs without pulling off our clothes.

In our road home we examined the traces of *Pompeia*. It was diſcovered, not a great many years ago, a little below the ſurface of a vineyard. One of the ſtreets is entire, and by the figures carved upon the outſide of ſome of the houſes, you may make out the employment of the ancient occupant. The inſide walls of the apartments were originally covered with ſtucco

ſtucco, painted in freſco. The deſigns are beautiful, and the colours ſtill lively. Pieces of this ſtucco are to be ſeen in the king's cabinet at Portici. A *Villa*, ſurrounded with colonnades, for the purpoſe of walking without being expoſed to the ſcorching rays of a ſummer ſun, is in excellent preſervation. In various parts of the vineyard you may ſee holes in the earth, which anſwer to the ſhape of a human body or limb. The eruption of Veſuvius ſuddenly overwhelmed the whole city with its aſhes, and left few, if any, of the inhabitants time to eſcape. *Herculaneum* and *Pompeia* both ſuffered the ſame fate about the ſame time, viz. in the ſeventy-third year of the Chriſtian æra.

I muſt now carry you to the weſtward of Naples, whither I went accompanied only by the Count.

VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL's tomb lies near the *grotta di Pauſilippo*, on the Naples ſide.* My admiration of this poet made me tread with veneration on the hallowed ſpot. Little elſe remains than an irregular broken mound of earth. Whether the laurel were planted there, or grew accidentally, I know not; but it is quite in character, that the tree of *Parnaſſus* ſhould grace the ſepulchre of one ſo beloved by the Muſes.

La grotta di Pauſilippo is a paſſage about a mile in length, hollowed out of a mountain; and makes part of the highway leading from Naples to Pouzzoli. This was probably its ancient uſe; for the old inhabitants of Egypt, Greece, Sicily, and Italy, were fond of ſubterraneous roads. Though I paſſed at mid-day,

* PLINY, Epiſt. xxi. lib. 3, teſtifies that this prince of Latin poets was buried at Naples. He ſays that SILIUS uſed to keep the birth-day of VIRGIL more religiouſly than his own,—*Neapoli maxime, ubi monumentum ejus adire ut templum ſolebat.*

I was

I was obliged to light my torch at the entrance. The diſtant aperture, which at firſt appeared very ſmall, by enlarging as I advanced, produced a pleaſing effect.

Pouzzoli offers on all ſides fragments of temples, amphitheatres, &c. but none ſo conſiderable as to require particular notice.

Baiæ as well as *Pouzzoli*, is ſituated upon the *ſinus Puteolanus*, called by TACITUS *lacus Baianus*. It was formerly deemed a moſt pleaſant place, and choſen as a ſummer-reſidence by the Romans.

Nullus in orbe locus Baiis prælucet amœnis.

It is now ruinous, and deſolate; and the air, from ſome cauſe or other, is become quite peſtilential.

——— Succedunt triſtia lætis.

Lake *Averno* is a very large baſon of water encircled by mountains, which, during the greateſt

greateſt part of the day, exclude the light. Formerly the ſides of them were mantled with wood, which muſt have added to the gloomineſs of the ſcene. For want of a free circulation the ſtagnated vapours may have become unwholeſome, and driven away the birds, as the name *Avernus* imports.

The *Sybil*'s grot is ſituated by the ſide of the lake. At firſt we were obliged to ſtoop, but that was for a few ſteps only. After proceeding but a very little way, we took a lighted torch in our hands, and mounted on the backs of our guides, who carried us through water into two damp chambers hewn out of the earth. One of them has two baths, which are ſuppoſed to have been formed for the occaſional refreſhment of the Sybil. Perhaps this grot, as it is called, was a road between Cuma and lake Avernus, of the ſame kind as the *grotta di Pauſilippo*. The other opening

ing on the ſide of Cuma favours the idea. The baths may have been made for the accommodation of paſſengers. Travellers would not make ſuch a point of penetrating this fabled receſs of the Sybil, were it not immortalized by the pen of the Mantuan bard.

Spelunca alta fuit, vaſtoque immanis hiatu,
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris,
Quam ſuper haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis: talis ſeſe halitus atris,
Faucibus effundens, ſupera ad convexa ferebat,
Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Avernum.

Æn. lib. vi. p. 237.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

TO MRS. *H.*

NAPLES, JAN. 22, 1785.

THE fate of your laſt favour is uncertain, for it has never come to hand. I frequently ſigh for home, and wiſh that there was no occaſion for this correſpondence. Soon ſhall I begin to move towards my own country, and then I ſhall not have time to write ſo often to my friends. My preſent idea is to remain here until the ſeventh or eighth of February, that I may be witneſs of the follies of this people at the *cloſe* of the carnival, the only part which, I am told, is worth ſeeing. It is commenced already, but as yet there is a "plentiful lack" of humour.

The

The King, and Sir W—— H———, his almoſt conſtant companion, returned on Wedneſday the 19th inſtant from Caſerto, whither they had been on a hunting party. The 20th, the birth-day of the king of Spain, was kept with great pomp. Sir WILLIAM, who wiſhed to pay every attention to Mr. F—'s recommendation, requeſted to preſent me on that day to the king and queen. I complied, and went through the ceremony in company with a great number of Engliſh gentlemen. We were uſhered into a ſpacious room, where their Majeſties were *devouring* a good dinner. Having finiſhed, they aroſe: Sir WILLIAM haſtily repeated our names; we bowed: the king, ſeeing ſo many, ſmiled, and ſaid, "Surely this is an Engliſh colony." On the ſubſequent morning I was waited upon by the domeſticks belonging to the chief officers of the court. They came to congratulate me on the honour I had received, or, in other words,

words, to ſolicit their fees. The ſame *attention* was paid to me by the ſervants of the ambaſſadors. Cuſtom is quoted in ſupport of this *tax*; but nevertheleſs there is a great meanneſs in it.

As ſoon as I have put the finiſhing ſtroke to this ſcrawl, I muſt begin to dreſs myſelf for Sir W—— H——'s dinner. I received the invitation on Thurſday. This compliment is, I apprehend, paid but once.

During the firſt few weeks after my arrival, it rained inceſſantly; but it was at the ſame time ſo hot, that I was obliged to ſit with my window open. I felt impatient to depart, but my banker begged me to wait a little longer, aſſuring me that when the rain once ceaſed, no more perhaps would fall for ſeveral months. I am glad that I took his advice, for the weather is now very fine. The ſun ſhines with as much warmth as in an Engliſh Auguſt, and not a cloud chequers the azure expanſe. The evenings are, however,

ever, ſometimes as cold as in our own climate at this ſeaſon of the year.

In all the great towns, apartments and living are excellent; but both are more expenſive than in France. So numerous are the *palazzi* which contain things worthy of obſervation, that the fees to ſervants amount to a conſiderable ſum. You muſt take care, therefore, before you ſet off upon a viſit to Italy, to line your pockets well with the *l' argent comptant.*

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

TO *H. H.* ESQ.

NAPLES, FEB. 3, 1785.

A SHORT deſcription of a royal hunt may not prove unamuſing to you. The king's invitation, without which no one could be preſent, was confined, as far as foreigners were concerned, to ſuch only as had been introduced at court. Eleven o'clock on the firſt of February was the time fixed for the meeting: *Carditto*, about fourteen miles diſtant, was the place of *rendezvous*. I determined to be punctual, that I might loſe no part of the ceremony. In a corner, ſeparated from the reſt of the field, were ſeveral tents, and a royal pavilion. At the entrance of it, my companion and myſelf were received by Sir W—— H——. Every one

one who wiſhed for breakfaſt, went to a long table, and was immediately ſerved. The king, about half paſt eleven, cried *al campo, al campo.* His majeſty was dreſſed in a pair of leather breeches, boots, and a green jacket richly ornamented with gold lace. A ſmall French-horn of gold was tied to one of the buttons. On his head was a round hat with a green feather. In his hand he bore a ſpear, that he might transfix the foe. By the ſide of his thigh hung a ſabre, that, in caſe his horſe was overthrown, he might be ready to defend himſelf againſt a cloſe aſſault. He was attended by twelve of his gentlemen, equipped and armed in every point like himſelf. The particular honour of joining this band of heroes was granted to two of my countrymen. A French marquis had leave to engage on *foot.* The ſcene of action was a large plain, ſkirted on one ſide by a foreſt, and on every other by a thick ſail-cloth,

ſo

ſo that no animal which entered had the leaſt chance of preſerving his life. The company of ladies and gentlemen admitted to a ſight of this royal diverſion was drawn up in their carriages. Sir W—— H—— marched at the head of the muſqueteers into the foreſt. A great noiſe of firing was heard from that quarter. An affrighted drove of boars made their entry on a full gallop. A knight, with uplifted ſpear, gave charge; they fled before him, as the ſheep before Don Quixote. As the compariſon held good alſo with reſpect to the appearance both of man and horſe, I could ſcarcely refrain from laughter. But there was one eſſential difference between the Manchan and Neapolitan knight. The former never afforded the ſmalleſt doubts of his *valour*, nor the latter of his *fear*; for he checked the impetuoſity of his charger, if one of the harmleſs animals but turned his head towards him. As ſoon as they were faſtened

faſtened down by the dogs, he approached, and continued to ſtab while the leaſt ſign of life remained. The foot-combatant, the French Marquis, was the only perſon whoſe conduct exhibited either dexterity or ſpirit. He placed himſelf in the way of the boars, and ſtruck at them as they advanced. I was ſtanding near when he drove his lance into the forehead of a very large one. The ſteel pierced the bone with a hideous craſh, and the wooden part ſhivered in his hand. During the courſe of the day he performed many acts of ſimilar proweſs. In the ſpace of three hours one hundred and forty-five were ſlain. You will not be ſurpriſed at the greatneſs of the number, when I tell you that homicide is ſcarcely puniſhable, but that the deſtruction of any ſort of game is only to be expiated by the death of the offender. After having reckoned the number of the dead, it was determined that enough of blood had been

ſhed. A repaſt was neceſſary to all, but more ſo to thoſe who had ſo *magnanimouſly* exerted and fatigued themſelves. I imagined that one of the *tents* was aſſigned for the uſe of ſuch gentry as myſelf; but as I was ſtanding with another Engliſh gentleman at the entrance of the *pavilion*, the king familiarly ſaluted us, ſaying, "*Paſſate, Signori, paſſate, c' é abbaſtanzza* "*di luogo quà.*" I went towards what I thought the bottom of the table, but to my aſtoniſhment found myſelf at a very little diſtance from the queen. A ſoldier of the Liparotti regiment ſtood behind each chair. The meat and wines were good, and the converſation eaſy and good-humoured. Their Majeſties talked affably with every perſon. After dinner they went to view the ſpoils of the chace collected together, talked a ſhort time with thoſe near them, made a reſpectful bow to all the company, and then returned to Naples. The day following a boar was

ſent

ſent to each of the foreigners who were at the hunt. I know not for what reaſon, but Sir W—— H——, who had the diſtribution of thoſe intended for his countrymen, complimented *me* with two. The moſt likely cauſe was Mr. F—'s letter, which, notwithſtanding it was not delivered until he had reſigned the office of ſecretary of ſtate, did not produce leſs effect. The boars are now lying in the other room. I ſhall take a haunch for my private uſe, the reſt will be the perquiſite of my ſervant. The king means to give a ball, to which I am invited.

I ſet off on Tueſday next for Rome, whence I ſhall go by Loretto, Bologna, Venice, and Milan, to Turin. Direct to me, if you pleaſe, at the laſt-mentioned place. I wiſh my father had ſent me HERRIES's bills of twenty pounds each, inſtead of a letter of credit. I ſhould have paid no commiſſion, and thus ſaved

two per cent.; I could have changed my route as often as I wiſhed, and always found in my banker a perſon to ſupply me with information.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XLIII.

TO *Y. H.* ESQ.

LORETTO, FEB. 17, 1785.

I RETURNED from Naples to Rome by the ſame road, and in the ſame manner in which I went. A conſiderable part of the way is over the Pontine marſhes, the air of which is thought to be very unwholeſome. Perſeverance in a judicious plan of draining would beyond doubt purify it. No poſt-horſes are to be had. The only method of travelling is to make a bargain with

with a *voiturier*, or perſon who for a certain ſum ſtipulates to carry you within a fixed time and pay all your expences. Unfortunately, in going from Rome to Naples, I fell in with the *procaccia*, or poſt, accompanied by a long train of carriages. As no place afforded more than one houſe of reſort, and that very indifferent, I could not avoid baiting at the ſame inns; and as I ſet off the ſame morning, and the mode of conveyance was preciſely the ſame, I could not get beyond the little town or village where they ſlept. I contrived to arrive rather before them; they were firſt to be furniſhed with chambers and proviſion, according to the information I received from the landlords: but upon the principle "firſt come, firſt ſerved," I ſeized a room. Several gentlemen belonging to the *procaccia* ſoon afterwards ran up to the door, contending with each other to obtain poſſeſſion; but I decided the diſpute without giving

giving to either the pain of ſeeing himſelf preferred, for I kept it myſelf. Had I not acted in this determined manner, I muſt have paſſed a night or two in a ſtable, and ſometimes wanted a dinner.

I took poſt-horſes at Rome on the thirteenth inſtant, imagining that I ſhould make more ſpeed than with the *voituriers*, who only walk their mules, and travel almoſt night and day. But there is one great convenience in employing them. When your agreement is made, you are not liable to impoſition and inſult. I now repent that I did not make that choice; for I am certain that I could have brought them to the terms of journeying between ſun and ſun.

Looking out of the window between Rignano and Civita Caſtellana, I diſcovered that ſome perſon had made free with one of the ſtraps of my trunk, and with that alſo which ſuſtained the drag-ſtaff. In a ſhort time afterwards, the ſhaft-horſe

horſe ſlipt himſelf by a ſtart out of the harneſs, and left us in the middle of the road. When you recollect that mine is a two-wheel carriage, you will allow my ſituation to have been a little awkward.

" Thus bad begins, but worſe remains behind."

We came to a very ſteep hill, which hung over a vaſt profound; the poſtilion, in ſpite of all I could ſay, would not ſtop to faſten the drag-chain. Near a winding in the upper part of the deſcent, the ſhaft-horſe, which could no longer bear the breeching, ſet off on a full gallop, kicking and flinging every moment. The other two *could* not be left behind, they were all puſhed ſtraight for the precipice. The two-wheel carriages open before: to have jumped out therefore would not only have been dangerous, but ſcarcely poſſible. ROTONDI, who had a little while before fallen aſleep, was awakened

awakened by my vociferations. He began to ſhriek no leſs luſtily than myſelf, and moved from ſide to ſide in a quick and agitated manner, not knowing what was beſt to be done. Though not greatly liable to fear, at that time it took ſtrong hold of me. It is difficult to pronounce whether maſter or man were moſt alarmed. The poſtilion, for his own, not for my ſake, pulled againſt the ſhaft-horſe with all his force, and at length turned him; but the wheel took a ſweep juſt over the edge. At a ſmall diſtance from this diſaſtrous ſpot an accident happened to a wheel. The damage could not be repaired under three or four hours, and I had only to thank my ſtars that the ill luck befel me near Civita Caſtellana, where I could be accommodated with a night's lodging. This was the firſt town which intereſted me ſince my departure from Rome. The greateſt part of the country was a barren heath, and

the

the places where I changed horſes miſerable *bourgs*.

Civita Caſtellana, like many of the Italian towns, is ſituated on a high rock. It would be but dry to enter into the diſpute whether it were the ancient *Veii*, the ſeat of the exploits of FURIUS CAMILLUS. Let us rather attend to the poſition. The rock on which it ſtands is by the people called a *peninſula*; which is true, in as much as it joins the land only by an *iſthmus*; but the two rivulets ſcarcely form a viſible line of ſeparation. On one ſide is a very narrow valley, ſkirted by a hill of equal height with the rock; on the other, a rich and extenſive plain, terminated by bold and craggy mountains. One of the gates of entrance, and many ſmall houſes, are hollowed out of the rock, which is ſoft and porous, and marked with black ſpots reſembling charcoal. I put a piece of it into water, which did not lie upon the

the ſurface conformably to the experiment of Monſ. GUENÉE, but went to the bottom without the ſmalleſt reluctance. At no great diſtance from Civita Caſtellana ſtands mount *Soracte*, now *St. Oreſte*, mentioned by HORACE.

> Vides ut alta ſtet nive candidum
> Soracte.

It was literally in the ſame ſtate a few days ago, its head being buried in ſnow.

Not many ſtages afterwards, we began to climb the *Apennines*. The roads, in general, run along the foot of them, by the ſide of a river; but ſometimes they wind up the acclivity even to the ſummit. They are not in the beſt condition, and owing to their narrowneſs and want of fence cannot be paſſed without great danger. A vicious horſe, or an unforeſeen accident to a wheel, hurls you headlong into eternity. But I ſhould recollect that the traveller is under the guardianſhip

guardianſhip of a ſaint. The poſtilion, while aſcending, labours with whip and ſpur, and implores the aſſiſtance of St. ANTONIO. St. ANTONIO, *aiut*, an abbreviation of *aiuto*, is the conſtant cry until he reach the top.

Narni, anciently *Nequinum*, is built in a ſhelving direction, near the top of a ſteep and rugged mountain.

——— Monti duro per ſaxa recumbens
Narnia. SIL. Ital. lib. viii.

The *Nera*, formerly called the *Nar*, a river of no great width, flows beneath. The ſtreams are of a light blue colour, ſave where the daſhing againſt a ſtony bed produces a white foam; but they yield no ſulphureous ſmell, and therefore do not correſpond either with the following deſcription,

——— et Nar vitiatus *odoro*
Sulfure. CLAUD.

or

or with one of the reaſons aſſigned for calling it *Nar*, namely, *quod odore ſulphureo nares contingat.** Not far from the town, the Nera empties itſelf into the Tevere, over which AUGUSTUS built a very grand bridge. I took a walk to view the remains. The foundations of three arches peep above the water; another of immenſe height is entire, the ſtones of which ſupport each other without cement.

Every ſtranger who viſits *Terni*, fails not to go and ſee the caſcade. In aſcending the mountain which leads to it, the eye is regaled with a moſt charming proſpect. Immediately underneath is the village of *Papinio*, ſeated upon a hill, which, though not inconſiderable in its height and ſize, appears diminutive among the lofty range of Apennines. The middle is filled by the vale of Terni enriched by the meanders of the Nera, and interſperſed

* See CLUVERIUS's *Italia Antiqua.*

with

with towns, villages, and *caſſini*. The town of Terni here commands the moſt attention; the next, in point of conſequence, is *Ceſi*, built under a rock which overhangs it, and threatens ruin. I was informed that the people of the country, with a deſign to prevent the fall, of which they are extremely apprehenſive, have chained the rock to the adjacent mountain. The back ground is occupied by a noble chain of mountains.

The river *Velino* ruſhes down a precipice above two hundred feet high into the hollow of a rock, whence it rebounds, and, after meeting with many interruptions, diſcharges itſelf, with foam and rage, into the Nera. The duſty ſhowers, reflecting and refracting the rays of the ſun, diſplay a number of rainbows, perpetually ſhifting their ſituation, according to the various force with which the waters daſh againſt the crags. LEANDRO ALBERTI aſſerts, that

theſe

theſe clouds of miſt may be ſeen ſix miles off, and the noiſe of the torrent heard at the diſtance of ten;* but, when I was there, it was far from being the caſe in either reſpect. I was ſo ſprinkled, when I began to approach, that I miſtook it for rain; but, although none fell at that time, my guide informed me that a day ſeldom paſſed without it. Hence VIRGIL calls this country *roſea rura.* The vaſt height of the mountains is the obvious cauſe.

Near the top of the caſcade is a prominent rock, upon which is a ſmall lodge for the uſe of the Pope, when he viſits this ſcene. The ſteps which lead to it, were glazed with ice, and very ſlippery. The cold was here as inſupportable, as the heat in the valley. But the beſt view is from the riſing ground on the oppoſite bank of the Nera; for from that ſpot one *coup d'œil* takes in the whole.

* Deſcrittione di tutta l' Italia, p. 100.

This

This water-fall is not the work of nature *ſolely*. It will not be a matter either incurious or unamuſing to trace its hiſtory. The *Velino* often inundated the vale of Rieti. M. CURIUS DENTATUS, the conqueror of the Samnites and Sabines, turned his thoughts, in the year of Rome 483, to find an outlet for the water, and render the ſoil fruitful. He not only choſe a direction towards the vale of Terni, becauſe the declining ground was favourable, but becauſe the canal might find a vent in the Nera. A cauſe was afterwards tried, the ground of which is not aſcertained, between the inhabitants of Terni and Rieti. From a letter of CICERO's, it appears that he was advocate for the *Reatini*. Whether the former charged the canal with occaſioning the Nera to overflow its banks, or the latter petitioned that it might be made deeper, becauſe it did not ſufficiently drain their lands, is doubtful: but thus much

is

is certain, that the canal remained open. It was the ſubject of another conteſt in the time of the Emperor TIBERIUS. As the Nera empties itſelf into the Tevere, it was alledged that the Velino, by augmenting the Nera, occaſioned the inundations in the country about Rome. The ſenate paid no attention to the complaint. In proceſs of time the canal of DENTATUS went to decay, and was choaked; and the vale of Rieti again became marſhy. Terni and Rieti renewed the litigation. For a long time no hearing could be obtained, the State being employed in concerns of greater importance; but, at length, the affair was decided by BRACIO DA MONTONE PERUGINO, who, in the fifteenth century, for a while uſurped the ſovereign authority. He commanded a new cut to be made, which was called the *Reatine*. The excavation was ſo ſhallow, that, in the courſe of a few years, one part of the

the vale had the appearance of a lake. In 1546, PAUL III. ordered another canal to be undertaken, which was called the *Paoline*. GREGORY XIII. reſtored the Reatine, which had fallen into a ruinous ſtate. But all theſe endeavours proved uſeleſs, and the people of Rieti laboured under the ſame evil. CLEMENT VII. put the work under the management of FONTANA, who made the old Roman canal larger and deeper, whither he conveyed the water out of the other two. His plan anſwers all the purpoſes deſired.

I ought to have told you that the caſcade goes by the name of *Marmore*, becauſe the water of the Velino depoſes materials which form a cruſt not unlike to marble. "*In exitu* "*paludis Reatinæ*," ſays PLINY, "*saxum* "*creſcit.*"*

* Lib. ii, num. 103.

My narrative ſhall be continued the firſt moment of leiſure.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate ſon,

B. H.

LETTER XLIV.

TO *H. H.* ESQ.

VENICE, MARCH 6, 1785.

AFTER viewing the caſcade, I returned to Terni. The next morning I ſet off for Strettura, which is ſituated at the foot of a mountain, called Somma. The impertinence of the oſtler, at that little *bourg*, greatly ſurpriſed me. Upon finding that I ſent back nothing by the

the poſtilion to the oſtler of the laſt ſtage, his own hopes were defeated, and he obſerved, " *Sono pochiſſimi viaggiatori per poſta, e quei* " *ſono cattivi.*" I replied, ' *Non ſi deve far* ' *maravíglia di queſto, giacchè gli ſtallieri e poſt-* ' *iglioni ſtrappazzâno i foreſtieri.*' The moſt horrid oath then burſt from his mouth, " *Ma-* " *ledetta ſia l'anima di quel Santo, chi vi á por-* " *tato in queſto paéſe.*" Wiſhing to avoid further dialogue, I called out, ' *Attaccate i cavalli* ' *ſubito.*' This he refuſed to do, and declared, " You have no buſineſs to remain in your car- " riage; how can I poſſibly lift the ſhafts? *Non* " *ſono un fachino.*" ' No,' ſaid I, ' *Non ſete* ' *d'un meſtiére ſi honeſto.*' This produced ſuch a torrent of foul-mouthed language, that I loſt my temper, and ſpringing out, with a piſtol in my hand, inſiſted that he ſhould lead the horſes out of the ſtable inſtantly. He complied, but with a ſneer; and, on my departure, exclaimed,

" *Ringraziate il buon Dio che ſete ſcappato a ſi*
" *buon mercato: ſe non foſſe per il timor di Dio*"
—Here the carriage drove off, and I could diſtinguiſh no more.

We croſſed Somma, which is ſuppoſed to be the higheſt Apennine in this part of the country. It did not, however, appear to me ſo high as *Colfiorito*, between Seravalle and Pont le Trave; nor was it, like that, covered with ſnow. In deſcending Colfiorito, we were obliged to uſe the drag-chain, and the carriage ſlid, like a ſledge, over the ice.

Spoletto ſtands upon riſing ground, and ſurveys the *Clitumnus*, winding through the fertile plain of Foligno bounded by lofty hills. Mr. ADDISON obſerves, " that the river Clitum-
" nus is celebrated by many of the poets for a
" particular quality in its waters of making
" cattle white that drink it." But it is not the poets only who ſpeak of it in that manner.

PLINY,

PLINY, in his Natural Hiſtory, [b. ii. c. 103] gives as a reaſon for claſſing the Clitumnus among the "wonderful" rivers, "that it poſ-"ſeſſes the property of communicating a white "colour to all the cattle which ſlake their thirſt "in its ſtreams." Mr. ADDISON's conjecture accounts for the origin of this idea. "It is "probable," ſays he, "that this breed was "firſt ſettled in the country, and continued the "ſame ſpecies." "In Bœotia," continues PLINY, "the river Melas converts white into "black ſheep; and the Cephiſſus, which runs "out of the ſame lake, produces an oppoſite "effect." Is not our author very credulous, in believing that contrary powers are to be attributed to the ſame water? One would have thought that this circumſtance alone would have led him to aſcribe theſe popular notions to the cauſe aſſigned by Mr. ADDISON.

Spoletto

Spoletto is a very ancient city. One of the oldeſt gates, called *porta fuga*, is preſerved as a memorial of the *fuga*, or flight of HANNIBAL. That great general, having defeated the Romans at Thraſymene, 217 years before Chriſt, marched ſtraight for Rome, laying waſte the whole country, and at length beſieged Spoletto, whence he was driven with great ſlaughter.* There are ſome other antiquities at Spoletto, but the moſt ſtriking is an aqueduct of immenſe height. It is doubted whether this ſtructure were raiſed in the time of the Goths or Romans; certain it is that it bears no reſemblance to the Roman works of that kind. May it not have been built by THEODORIC, the Oſtrogoth, conqueror of Italy, who had a palace at Spoletto?† According to cuſtom I went to

* Livy, Crevier Edit. vol. iii. b. xxii. p. 102.

† "Ravenna and Verona, as well as Pavia, Spoletto, Naples, "and the reſt of the Italian cities, acquired under his reign "(THEODORIC's)the uſeful or ſplendid decorations of churches, "aqueducts, baths, porticoes, and palaces." GIBBON's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. iv.

viſit the cathedral. A picture was pointed out to me as a GUERCINO. St. FRANCIS and another ſaint, together with St. CECILIA, are invoking the bleſſed Virgin repreſented in the heavens. The head of St. FRANCIS is not without expreſſion, but St. CECILIA looks like a country girl; the glory is not ſufficiently *aerial*.

In the plain of Foligno, near the road ſide from thence to Spoletto, are very conſiderable remains of a ſmall temple. The perſon who ſhewed it to me called it the temple of DIANA, but could give no reaſon in ſupport of this appellation. By ſome it is ſaid to have been dedicated to the god of the river Clitumnus, near the ſource of which it ſtands. It is an oblong ſquare; in front are two Corinthian pilaſtres, and four Corinthian columns, two of which are fluted ſpirally. The ornaments of the frize and architecture are highly finiſhed. In another part of the ſame plain is *Bevagna*, anciently

anciently *Mevania*, ſituated near the mouth of the Clitumnus, where it mixes with the *Topinio*, by ſome of the ancient writers termed *Tinia*, and by others *Tinna*. The plain of Foligno yields not in fruitfulneſs to any other among the Apennines, nay in Italy. In this happy ſpot is the town of Foligno, which has nothing to attract the curioſity of the traveller but a picture by RAPHAEL. A MADONNA and Infant JESUS are ſupported on a cloud. On her right are St. JOHN and St. FRANCIS: on the left a Cardinal on his knees, by the ſide of whom is St. JEROME in the attitude of admiration; and in the middle an Angel with a blank book in his hand. Although I clearly trace the pencil of RAPHAEL, this piece ſtands not ſo high in my eſteem as many others of his works. The glory is of too grey a colour. The St. JOHN, with black diſhevelled hair, and clothed in a camel's hide, may well be miſtaken for a clown.

The

The countenance of the Angel is good, but he appears to have a ſwollen belly. In the face of the virgin are great ſimplicity and mildneſs of aſpect. The portraits of St. FRANCIS, the Cardinal, and St. JEROME, are entitled to great praiſe. The country in the back ground is ill deſigned, and of a muddy green. This picture cannot be eſtimated fairly, as it has greatly ſuffered by time.

Between Foligno and Loretto are no towns which call for notice. Loretto is agreeably ſituated on the top of a hill, and commands a view of the Adriatic, which is not far diſtant. As ſoon as I arrived, I haſtened to the *Santa Caſa*. The miracles recounted of the image of the MADONNA, and the crucifix, are idle tales fit only for children; but nevertheleſs, there is ſcarcely a perſon in Loretto who does not believe the unaſſiſted return of a wooden croſs to the ſame ſpot, although removed from it ſeveral

ral times; and many other things equally abſurd. The pavement which ſurrounds the *Santa Caſa*, is evidently worn by the knees of pilgrims and other worſhippers. Of the many whom I ſaw thus holily employed, ſome were offering up prayers in behalf of individuals too indolent to impoſe that trouble on themſelves, and wealthy enough to pay others. The price of a round is a *quattrino*, or farthing. Is it poſſible that any can be ſo ignorant as to ſuppoſe this venal mortification and devotion acceptable to the Almighty, or are they but impoſtors? Pilgrims from all parts are allowed a daily portion of bread and wine, and lodging for three nights. They then make their departure; a hood ornamented with ſhells, and a large ſtaff, are the diſtinguiſhing marks of their dreſs. Fame greatly belies them, if the latter be not ſometimes uſed to obtain that livelihood by violence, which is not always to be gained

gained by intreaty. There is nothing ſo marketable at Loretto as a piece of the veil of the MADONNA. It is marked with an impreſſion of her *ladyſhip*, and certified to have been worn by her; *i. e.* by her image, which is the ſame thing. Great care is taken leſt the ſcrap of ſacred veſtment be defiled by polluted hands, for it is ſold under an expreſs condition that it be not touched. By theſe means no ſmall ſums are raiſed by the prieſts, who carry their craft in this country to very great lengths.

The *Santa Caſa* is a heavy piece of brick building with an outward caſe of marble. It ſtands in the middle of the church of *Notre Dame*, and came thither, according to accounts, in a very miraculous way. The riches which it contains, are *ex voto* offerings of moſt of the Catholick princes. The favours of the MADONNA are only to be obtained by gold, or diamonds; or, when unexpectedly granted, thus

thus to be recompenſed. Louis XIII. when he wiſhed for a ſon, and the Prince of Condé, when delivered from a priſon, ſent a moſt expenſive preſent to *Santa Caſa*. But notwithſtanding the great quantity of gold, ſilver, jewels, &c. in the *Santa Caſa*, it is not at all equal in value to the ſplendid contents of the *Teſoro*, a ſeparate building within the ſame church.

Every part of Italy abounds in beggars, but I have no where met with ſo many miſerable objects as at Loretto. They proſtrate themſelves, and kiſs the very ground which the perſon, of whom they ſolicit charity, is to paſs. I cannot bear to ſee mortals thus humble themſelves before a fellow-creature; at the ſame time I feel no ſurprize, that pining with hunger, and agitated by the horrors of famine, they ſhould ſtoop to the moſt abject forms of ſupplication. Would it be an ungodly deed in his Holineſs the Pope to ſell a part at leaſt of this

this unproductive wealth, and apply it to the relief of his ſuffering flock?—"Neither heaven, "nor man, would grieve at the mercy."

Let your next be addreſſed to me *à la poſte reſtante à Straſbourg.*

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

TURIN, MARCH 20, 1785.

THE only towns of conſequence between Loretto and Bologna, are *Ancona*, *Sinigaglia*, *Fano*, *Peſaro*, and *Rimini*, all ſeated upon the coaſt of the Adriatic.

Ancona, where I ended my painful traverſe of the Apennines, ſtands upon a hill which overlooks the bay, ſo that from ſea it is a beautiful object. The ſtreets are narrow and dirty,

dirty, and the houſes ill-built. It is the moſt conſiderable port which the Pope poſſeſſes in the Adriatic. The people are induſtrious, and carry on a conſiderable commerce.

JUVENAL alludes to a temple of VENUS, which ſtood on mount *Ancon*.

Ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica ſuſtinet Ancon.

Not a ſtone of it is to be diſcovered. The term *Dorica* ſufficiently indicates the early origin of Ancona.

Near the port is an arch of no inconſiderable ſize, and in a high ſtate of preſervation. It is built of large marble blocks, ſo well joined as to appear but one piece; and from being placed near the ſea, is kept white by the winds and ſaline vapours. Each front is decorated by two Corinthian columns. *Nervæ Trajano—quod ex pecuniâ ſuâ portum tutiorem navigantibus reddiderit*—is a part of the principal inſcription; in

in another part are the words *Plotinæ Aug. Conjugi;* and in a third, *Divæ Martianæ Aug. Sorori Aug.* Hence we learn, that this arch was erected in teſtimony of the munificence of TRAJAN, who rendered the port more ſecure; and that PLOTINA the wife, and MARTIANA the ſiſter, enjoyed a ſhare of the honours beſtowed on the Emperor.

Sinigaglia is an ancient, well-built town, ſtrongly fortified; and has a ſmall, but commodious port. LIVY, in the 27th book, mentions, that LIVIUS SALINATOR was at *Sena*, the ancient name of this place, when he was joined by CLAUDIUS NERO. Theſe generals afterwards gave battle to ASDRUBAL, the Carthaginian chief, at the foot of a mountain, now called *Monte d'Aſdrubale*, on the banks of the *Metaurus*, now *Metro*. Between Sinigaglia and Fano I croſſed the river, but not exactly at the ſpot where the bloody action was fought.

Victory

Victory decided for Rome, who no longer trembled for her ſafety.

Quid debeas, O Roma, Neronibus,
Teſtis Metaurum flumen, et Aſdrubal
Devictus. HOR. lib. iv. Od. 4.

The defeat of the Carthaginians, made known to HANNIBAL by the head of ASDRUBAL hurled by the Romans into his tent, threw him into deſpair. The *Metro* riſes in the Apennines, whence it deſcends with great velocity, mixes itſelf near *Toſſo Umbrone*, the ancient *forum Sempronii*, with the *Candiano*, by which it is conſiderably augmented, and ruſhing forwards diſcharges itſelf into the ſea near Fano.

—— Rapiduſque ſonanti
Vortice contorquens undas per ſaxa Metaurus.
SILIUS, lib. viii.

Although there was but little water, I could eaſily perceive, by the width of the bed, and the collection of large ſtones, that it ſometimes rolls with fury.

At

At Fano are the remains of an arch, by ſome ſaid to have been erected in honour of Augustus, and according to others, dedicated to Constantine. It is formed of marble, and evidently conſtructed in two different ages; for the ſculpture of the lower part is good, but that of the upper is the reverſe. This town is commonly ſuppoſed to have derived its appellation from a *fanum*, or temple of fortune, which ſtood there, but of which no veſtige is left behind.

Peſaro is a neat town: one long wide ſtreet runs through the middle of it. The houſes are in general well-built, but its principal beauty is a ſpacious ſquare. The inhabitants inſiſt that it is no longer the unhealthy place deſcribed by Catullus:

Præterquam iſte tuus moribunâ ſede Piſauri
Hoſpes inauratâ pallidior ſtatuâ. Catullus.

Rimini is the ancient *Ariminium*. On entering, you paſs under the arch of Augustus,

which has not its equal in magnificence. There is a medallion on each ſide of it. The one appears to incloſe a head of the *Barbati* Jovis; the other a Juno. The ſtone of which this ſtructure is compoſed, is dug in the Apennines, and called marble, which it unqueſtionably reſembles. The arch at Fano, as well as Rimini, was probably not triumphal, but raiſed, like that at Ancona, in conſequence of ſome generous act on the part of the Emperor. A broad ſtreet, adorned on both ſides with good houſes, leads from this arch to a piazza, or ſquare, in which is a handſome marble-fountain. In this ſquare was pointed out to me a *ſuggeſtum* of ſtone, with an inſcription nearly as follows:

C. I. CÆSAR
DICTATOR
RUBICONE
SUPERATO
CIVILI BELLO
COMMILITONES SUOS
IN FORO—
ADLOCUTUS EST.

Mr. Addison has made it appear moſt clearly, that this could not have been a *ſuggeſtum*. The *ſuggeſta* were always made of wood, and carried with the army. Cæsar, engaged in ſuch an enterpriſe, would not have waited until one had been conſtructed of ſtone. It may have been a pedeſtal, on which a ſtatue of Cæsar was once placed.

On leaving Rimini, I went over the ancient bridge built by Augustus and Tiberius, as the inſcription imports. Palladio adjudged it to be a *chef d'œuvre* in its kind. It is compoſed of large ſquares of marble, and has five arches, the weſternmoſt of which is modern. Here ends the *via Flaminia*, many pieces of which make part of the road from Rome to Rimini. I often wiſhed that this, as well as the Appian way, had been leſs durable, for they both gave me many a violent concuſſion. The route was now no longer on the ſea-coaſt.

Near Ceſena I croſſed a bridge over the Piſatello, ſuppoſed to be the *Rubicon*, which was certainly not far from that town. "*Ceſena*," ſays STRABO, "*Iſapi fluvio propinqua, et Ru-*
"*biconi.*" When CÆSAR, on his return from Gaul, reached the banks of the Rubicon, which divided it from Italy, he deliberated whether, in conformity to the ſtanding decree of the Senate, he ſhould lay down the arms of his troops. "At laſt, rouſing with a ſudden ſtart
"of courage, he cried out, *The die is caſt*;
"with which words he paſſed the river."* This was the commencement of the civil war.

Jam gelidas Cæſar curſû ſuperaverat Alpes
Ingenteſque animo motus, bellumque futurum
Cæperat, ut ventum eſt parvi Rubiconis ad undas.
LUC. lib. i. v. 186.

This river was *parvus* when I ſaw it; but a fall of rain or ſnow ſwells it very conſiderably.

* PLUTARCH's Life of JULIUS CÆSAR.

Not

Notwithſtanding I did not include Ceſena in my liſt of towns deſerving notice, it may perhaps claim a word or two. I did not expect to find it ſo large, or inhabited by ſo many families of diſtinction. It is the native place of the preſent Pope. The houſes have colonnades before them, ſo that you walk the ſtreets ſheltered againſt the ſun and rain. I ſlept there, and can aſſure you that the wines have not degenerated ſince the time of PLINY. I aroſe betimes the next morning, and dined at Bologna.

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XLVI.

TO *J. H.* ESQ.

TURIN, MARCH 23, 1785.

BOLOGNA is about five miles in circumference, and has the ſame convenience of porticoes for foot paſſengers as Ceſena. The publick edifices are magnificent, and admired for their architecture: ſo indeed are ſeveral of the houſes belonging to the nobility, which are likewiſe decorated within with many excellent works of art. Shall I mention thoſe paintings which I thought moſt ſtriking, and offer you my remarks? The liſt, though far from inconſiderable, is not ſo large as to terrify me from entering into the detail. Should you feel tired before you come to the concluſion, read no more upon the ſubject, but try if you can find any thing more intereſting in the remaining part of the letter.

PALAZZO

PALAZZO PUBLICO,

Or the Palace in which the Senate holds its Aſſemblies.

SAMSON with his foot on a dead Philiſtine. He holds up to his mouth the jaw-bone of the aſs, from which water miraculouſly iſſues for the purpoſe of allaying his thirſt. SAMSON is a bold and well-proportioned figure, and thrown into a fine attitude. The canvaſs begins to crack, and the colours to ſuffer. I ſaw this with concern, for it is certainly one of the capital works of GUIDO.

St. JOHN, when a boy, in the deſert. What expreſſion, what grace! The fleſh too much reſembles in colour the rock againſt which he leans. It is diſputed whether *this* picture, or *that* at Florence, or *that* at Paris, be the original RAPHAEL.

A Child in ſwaddling-clothes, by LEONARDO DA VINCI. It was a preſent from one of the kings

kings of France. Simplicity and innocence are well depicted.

PARIS preſenting the apple to MERCURY that he might carry it to VENUS, by DONATO CRETI. Manhood and beauty are happily united in PARIS: MERCURY is ſuſpended with ightneſs in the air, but his body appears to xceed the proper proportion in length.

A moſt excellent St. JEROME, by SIMON PESARO. Attention to his book is ſtrongly marked. The ſunk breaſt, and withered form of age, are ſkilfully executed.

PALAZZO CAPRARI.

A SYBIL, by GUERCINO.

A MADONNA and CHILD, upon a ſmall ſcale, by CORREGGIO. The face of the virgin is heavenly.

A Dance of Boys, by ALBANI. Their countenances are not ſufficiently varied, but the ſportive attitudes are charming.

A MADONNA drawing off a veil from the infant JESUS, by PIETRO PERUGINO. The veil is beautifully tranſparent.

PALAZZO RANUZZI.

Boys at play, in *freſco*, by FRANCESCHINO.

An excellent picture by GIACOMO DI FRANCIA, the reſtorer of painting. The colours at this diſtance of time are not the leaſt faded. It was much ſtudied by RAPHAEL. The ſubject is ſacred. I was highly pleaſed with a beautiful figure in one of the corners.

HERCULES and IOLE, a capital piece, by CANUTI. She has ſtolen the club from the hands of the ſleeping hero, and placed a diſtaff in its ſtead. To make her capable of carrying ſo great a weight, robuſtneſs was neceſſary, but the form is not leſs graceful or feminine. Her air of ſmiling triumph is admirable. Enormous ſtrength in a ſtate of relaxation is well diſplayed in HERCULES. A Roman

A Roman Charity, by PASINELLI.

The Rape of HELEN, by LUCA JORDANO.

The wife of POTIFER endeavouring to drag JOSEPH to her bed, by GUIDO.

A Fides, by GUERCINO.

Rural ſcenes, by GAMBERINI.

PALAZZO ZAMBECARI DI S. PAOLO.

JUDITH and HOLOPHERNES, by M. ANGELO CARAVAGGIO. The ſubject is horrid, but the performance maſterly. The ſtruggle between life and death is ſtriking. A mixture of pleaſure and horror is viſible in the countenance of JUDITH.

Two GUERCINO's; the one a MAGDALENE, the other a crow carrying bread to PAUL, the hermit.

A head of St. FRANCIS, which appears to be alive, by DOMINICHINO.

Two

Two good pieces by LODOVICO CARACCI; the one, MOSES with the tables of teſtimony lying upon the ground broken; the other, ABRAHAM entertaining the three angels.

PALAZZO MALVEZZI.

A MADONNA, St. ANNA, the child JESUS, and St. JOHN. The countenance of the MADONNA is beautiful. JESUS has his foot upon a cuſhion, which, in conſequence of the preſſure, riſes round it. The folds are beautiful. My mind recurred to a picture, nearly, if not exactly the ſame, of Mr. OKOVER's, at Okover, in Derbyſhire. Both are aſcribed to RAPHAEL.

A good picture by INNOCENTIUS DE IMOLA. The ſubject ſacred, as uſual.

JUPITER turning the mountains upon the giants. It has ſuffered much from the hand of time,

time, but it is eaſy to diſcover the traits of GUIDO's pencil.

Scenes of common life, by GAMBERINI.

PALAZZO TANARI.

Upon the outward wall, in *chiaroſcuro*, a moſt beautiful HERCULES combating the Hydra, by GUERCINO.

In the apartment an Aſſumption of the Virgin, by the ſame maſter, in his ſtrong manner.

A MADONNA, larger than nature, giving ſuck to JESUS, and a St. JOHN ſtanding near, by GUIDO. In her countenance ſweetneſs and dignity are combined. The left arm round the child is a little damaged by age, but it is not ſo much to be regretted, as it was always clumſy.

Some good ſketches—CHRIST's laſt ſupper with his diſciples, by AGOSTINO CARACCI, is to be claſſed among the foremoſt.

PALAZZO SAMPIERI.

HERCULES combating the Lion; HERCULES engaged with ANTEUS; Virtue opening the heavens for the reception of HERCULES. Theſe three noble pictures, done upon the ceilings in *freſco*, are the production of the CARACCI.

Three other capital pieces by the CARACCI: The Woman taken in Adultery, by AGOSTINO; the good Samaritan, ſo much celebrated, by ANNIBAL; the Canaanite, by LODOVICO.

The Rape of PROSERPINE, by ALBANI. The Cupids, dancing round a tree, are ſweet figures; the chariot, in which PLUTO conveys her away, ſhould have occupied a part of the fore-ground. Being placed in the diſtance, it is neceſſarily little and inſignificant; and the ſubject does not explain itſelf ſo readily as the rules of judicious painting require.

LEANDER

LEANDER in the arms of HERO, by RUBENS.

ABRAHAM driving away AGAR, by GUERCINO. It is not in his own forcible manner, but in the ſtile of GUIDO, which he frequently imitated. The woman is lovely; every part indeed of the piece deſerves attention.

PAUL remonſtrating with PETER, who is weeping, by GUIDO. This is not only eſteemed the *chef d'œuvre* of that eminent maſter, but the moſt complete picture in Italy. Connoiſſeurs have not been able to find a ſingle fault or defect.

There are ſome fine paintings alſo in the churches; in *St. Giovani in Monte* is the celebrated St. CECILIA, by RAPHAEL. The CARACCI are ſaid to have acquired all their ſkill by ſtudying this picture. But, notwithſtanding all its merit, it is to be lamented that perſons are brought together who did not live at the ſame period; I allude to St. CECILIA, St. JOHN,

and

and St. Paul. But I ſhall be aſked, Is a poem, or painting, rendered leſs beautiful by an anachroniſm? The characters may be well aſſociated; but, after all, I would rather that a ſubject be wholly true or wholly fabulous. When it is taken from hiſtory, I feel diſappointed if I diſcover a departure from fact, or if the order of time be confounded.

I muſt not diſmiſs Bologna without noticing a peculiarity in the pronunciation of the inhabitants. They cut off the termination of words; and thus the Italian, whoſe harmony is derived from the final vowels, loſes all its muſick.

I had no ſmall difficulty in ſettling my route from Bologna to Venice. There are two roads; the one by Cento, Ferrara, Rovigo, Padua, &c. which was declared to be hardly paſſable from Ferrara at this ſeaſon of the year; the other by Modena, Mantua, Verona, Vicenza, &c. which is not very bad, but longer by forty miles.

miles. It was a capital objection to this laſt tract, that Vicenza and Verona lay in my way from Venice to Milan, and thus I ſhould twice beat over the ſame ground. As I was aſſured that the road as far as Francolino, five miles beyond Ferrara, might be travelled, and that there I might hire a bark for Venice, I determined on that mode. I was not only induced to adopt it that I might avoid a repetition of the ſame road, but that I might likewiſe have an opportunity of ſeeing ſome good GUERCINO's at Cento, the place of his nativity. I found, however, but two or three; for when his fame began to ſpread, moſt of his beſt pieces were purchaſed and carried away. Cento is not a little proud of having produced a GUERCINO. Reputation had not belied the roads, which, being ſubject to frequent inundations from the Reno, are during the winter in a moſt founderous condition. At Cento, *le maitre de poſte*

poſte wiſhed to put four horſes to my light two-wheeled carriage. I informed him that by the *tarif* I was obliged to pay for two only; but I conſented to the *pertichino*, or third, on his aſſurance that two would certainly prove inſufficient. For once the intelligence from this quarter turned out to be true. My carriage frequently ſtuck in the mire, and half an hour's labour, with the aſſiſtance of what hands we could procure, ſometimes could ſcarcely extricate it. I was a whole day in going poſt from Bologna to Ferrara, which is no more than thirty-three or thirty-four miles. Ferrara is a large town, ſituated in a fertile country on the banks of the Po, which waſhes it on the eaſt and ſouth. The ſtreets are of a good width, and the houſes well built. It is well fortified with baſtions, and only to be entered by paſſing ſeveral draw-bridges. I ſet off the next morning for Francolino, and ſuch is the badneſs of

the roads, that though the diſtance be very ſmall, I was ſome hours before I arrived. There were *peotas* in abundance; nevertheleſs one only was to be hired, and that on the maſter's own terms. The ſeveral maſters had previouſly come to an agreement to take turns, ſo that all competition was deſtroyed. The loweſt to which I could bring him, was eight Roman *zechins*,* excluſive of *buona mano* for the men. My carriage and proviſions were embarked. Nothing but a ſtrong north wind could detain me; but it was my ill-luck that it blew from that quarter, ſo that I was compelled to ſtay the remainder of that day, and the next night in a moſt miſerable hovel. As the current of the Po was in my favour, I could eaſily have reached my place of deſtination in twenty-four hours, had there been no wind;

* A Roman *zechin* is worth rather leſs than half-a-guinea.

but

but if it be ſoutherly, the voyage is ſeldom more than eighteen. After a courſe of thirty-five miles upon that river you enter the canals, and purſue them until you come to the lakes in which Venice ſtands. If the wind be againſt you, as was my caſe, you lengthen the route five miles, and paſs by the canal on the Brenta to Fuſina. In going from Francolino to Fuſina I was above thirty hours. The night was one of the coldeſt I ever felt, not only in France or Italy, but even in England. There was only a little ſhelter for the head in the middle part of the *peota*, which is a kind of lighter. The wind entered on every ſide; ſoon I was obliged to retire into my carriage. Finding my limbs in a little time quite benumbed, I changed my ſituation a ſecond time, and ſeated myſelf near a brazier of charcoal, by the fumes of which I was almoſt poiſoned. You may eaſily imagine, that by the time I arrived at Fuſina, I was thoroughly

worn out. It was ſo far convenient to paſs by that place, that I had an opportunity of leaving my carriage there until my return. I muſt otherwiſe have diſembarked it at Venice, and reimbarked it when I directed my route to Milan. The wind was ſo high that the *peota* could not with ſafety attempt to croſs from Fuſina to Venice, which is rather more than a league. Having been a ſtranger to comfortable ſleep for two ſucceſſive nights, the one ſpent in a hut at Francolino, the other upon the water without any effectual covering from the moſt piercing cold, I could not bear the thought of waiting until the following day at ſuch a village as Fuſina; but regardleſs of the weather, which was truly rough, I took a *gondola*, and made for Venice.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate ſon,

B. H.

P. S. With the hopes of hearing from ſome of you, I add the names of the principal towns which I propoſe to take in my way home. Trace me upon your maps from this place to Geneva, Lauſanne, Berne, and Baſle; and afterwards to Straſbourg, Nancy, Rheims, Cambray, Arras, St. Omer's, and Calais.*

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* My pen, which had for a long time been unable to keep pace with me, now abandoned the regular purſuit. I find indeed but two letters more, the one deſcribing my paſſage over Mount Cenis, the other my journey to Lauſanne. Although I have a perfect image of almoſt all the places in the other parts of my tour, many of the obſervations which occurred upon the ſpot, are by an interval of nearly twelve years obliterated from my memory.

LETTER XLVII.

TO THE REV. *Y. Y.*

MARCH 25, 1785.

I DATE this ſcrawl from Novaleſe, a ſmall village in Piedmont, not far diſtant from the foot of Mount Cenis. It is now mid-day, the ſky is clear, and the guides aſſure me that the weather cannot be more favourable. In two hours I reſume my journey: *en attendant* the dinner, how can I be better employed than in writing to ſo good a friend? I was about to ſay, that I hoped *this* ſheet would have better luck than *that* I addreſſed to you from Naples, but I correct myſelf; for the chance is equal, that it is not my letter, but your anſwer, which has miſcarried. Be this as it may, I know not how to expreſs the diſappointment I have felt, and ſtill feel, in never having heard from you.

ONE

ONE O'CLOCK, P. M.

I have this moment finiſhed a haſty dinner. As it is Friday, my landlord would give me no other than *maigre* fare. The fiſh being dreſſed in oil, which to me is intolerable, I have ſcarcely found any thing which I could eat. It is not the only time I have been obliged to faſt during this Lent; but the mortification not being voluntary, the Catholicks do not leſs include me among the number of loſt ſouls. What is that repeated noiſe of hammers? The men are ſeparating the parts of my carriage for the purpoſe of tranſporting it to the other ſide of the mountain. The dexterity with which they execute it, is aſtoniſhing; but I ſhould have been better pleaſed if they had not broken my front window. The body is placed in the middle between two poles—before and behind is a mule—they are this inſtant gone from the door. The car-

riage-part is taken in the ſame manner. A mule carries the two wheels, and in the rear is another with the trunk. My ſervant, myſelf, and the *voiturier*, who has bargained to convey me to Geneva, have each one of theſe animals. We are attended by a conſiderable party of guides, one of whom leads the horſes of the *voiturier*. All is ready: I hear the ſummons to depart. I confeſs that I have no good-will to traverſe a very high mountain of ſnow, for I labour at preſent under a dreadful cold. But what can I do? I never ſhall be cured in this wretched cottage. Let me not ſtudy difficulties. *Eundum eſt.*

LANEBOURG, *at the foot of* MOUNT CENIS, *on the* SAVOY SIDE.

Imagine me croſſing the mountain. The road is made on the loweſt and moſt practicable part. To the ſummit it is ſix miles. I muſt not

not be underſtood to ſpeak of the perpendicular height, but of the length of the road, which neceſſarily is winding. I am now half way up, but the ſun ſhines ſo powerfully, that I am not yet ſenſible of cold. At a little diſtance is a village, which appears buried in ſnow, and totally inacceſſible. My mule goes remarkably ſafe. I have given him the bridle from the beginning. How carefully the poor creature ſelects his way! His maſter has not come near him—but I ſee him advance; he begins to converſe with me.

"On the top, to the right, ſir, is a ſmall "chapel, where maſs is performed in the month "of Auguſt, once every year." 'Where is 'this chapel? I cannot diſcover it.' "At pre-"ſent, ſir, it is not viſible, it ſtands on the "higheſt ridge, which is ſeldom to be ſeen on "account of the overhanging clouds and miſt." After a conſiderable pauſe, I reſume; 'Am I

"yet

'yet arrived at three parts of the height?'
"Yes, exactly."

It begins to feel intenſely cold, and the road is covered with hard ice. At length, after an aſcent of three hours and a half, I reach the extenſive plain and lake which are upon the ſummit. The guide informs me that cows are driven here for paſture in the months of July and Auguſt, and that the herbage is good for making butter and cheeſe. Both verdure and water are now hidden, the whole being one ſheet of ſnow. How piercing is the cold! How my fingers and feet ſmart! When I lately diſmounted, on putting my foot to the ground an acute pain went through and through me. I recoil at the idea of the ſame ſuffering, but muſt ſubmit to it; for I ſhall infallibly loſe the uſe of my limbs, if I remain on the back of my mule. This plain is called the *Grande Croix*; in one part of it is a hoſpital for the reception

of

of pilgrims and ſick paſſengers. At a ſmall diſtance further is a tavern. The men cannot paſs it without moiſtening their mouths. We enter—the kitchen is full of the reſidents of the mountain, miners who are conſtantly employed in ſeeking ſilver and lead, of both which it contains great abundance. Habit ſeems to have overcome the horrors of ſo hard a life. They are cheerful and communicative. I am now about to deſcend. There is more ſnow than on the other ſide, the valley being narrower. Several groves of firs extend themſelves from the middle to the bottom. It is not uncommon to take a ſledge, by means of which you go down with great rapidity. The conductors have pointed irons to their feet. They ſtick them into the ice when they wiſh to reſt, or perceive the ſledge to take a wrong direction. This mode is called *ſe faire ramaſſer*, and is always adopted by the ladies, who are carried upwards

upwards in a chair by porters. We determine to go on foot. How I ſlide and tumble! I almoſt wiſh that I had hired a ſledge. I run ſo quickly that I begin to grow warm. In three quarters of an hour I reach this place. After ſuch fatigue, bed will be delightful. "Good "night, and ſweet repoſe."

Your's, &c.

B. H.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO MRS. *H.*

LAUSANNE, APRIL 3, 1785.

FROM Turin to Novaleſe I met with no difficulties. The firſt ſtage or two is an excellent road, almoſt on a ſtraight line, bordered on each ſide with trees. The valley then grows more

more and more contracted, and the rocks more and more lofty and rugged, until you reach the foot of Mount Cenis. I cannot ſay ſo much for the firſt three ſtages of my journey from Lanebourg. The valley is very cloſe, and the ſides of the mountain ſo thickly covered with pines and firs, as to be almoſt inacceſſible to the rays of the ſun. The road, which winds through thoſe groups, being overwhelmed with ſnow and ice, was impaſſable in a carriage. A mule bore the trunk, in the ſame manner as when I paſſed the mountain the day before. My ſervant walked on foot. I was conveyed upon the back of one of the horſes belonging to the *voiturier*, who, mounted upon the other, dragged the carriage-part of my *cabriolet*. The body was placed upon a ſledge, to which were harneſſed two mules, one before the other. It has two long arms, or handles, in front. Between theſe, and cloſe to

the

the heels of the hindermoſt mule, the driver is poſted. Whenever we went down a hill, I trembled for this fellow. If the mule had tumbled, kicked, or refuſed to go on; or had he himſelf made a falſe ſtep in hurrying with ſuch velocity over the ice, his life would have been endangered. The adroitneſs with which he acquitted himſelf, and the compoſure of his countenance, aſſured me that whatever *my* apprehenſions were, *he* had none. Such was the expedition with which he travelled, that he ſoon left the reſt of the party behind. The luggage-mule appeared unequal to his burden. I foretold that he would fall, that the bottom of the trunk would be forced out, and the road be ſcattered with ſnuff-boxes, and buttons made of the lava of Veſuvius. The former part of my prediction was quickly verified; down went the infirm beaſt. After having made many vain attempts to riſe, he at length ſucceeded by the

aſſiſtance

aſſiſtance of my ſervant and the muleteer. I met ſeveral people in ſledges, who ſat unconcerned while they were hurried down ſteeps of ſnow and ice. They had, in general, their muffs and bag-wigs. This dreſs, and the extended poſture, ſomewhat diſpoſed me to laughter. The ſeverity of the cold made me think the time long until we arrived at Modane, fourteen or fifteen miles from Lanebourg. There the carriage was put together, and we returned to our accuſtomed method of travelling. But it had been better to have continued our ſledge a mile or two beyond St. André, the next place to Modane; for our wheels often plunged ſo deep in ſnow, that our progreſs was ſlow and laborious. The valley now began to expand, and the road was totally unobſtructed. I was delighted once again to behold the ſmiling face of nature.

The

The rich vallies enlarging and narrowing themſelves by turns, and the ſnow-topped mountains ſucceſſively advancing and retreating, afforded a bold and pleaſing contraſt. Here and there induſtry had diſcovered towards the ſummit a ſpot capable of cultivation, and turned it to profit. In the vallies of the Piedmonteſe Alps I obſerved a mode of trimming their vineyards, quite new to me. Poles of an equal length are ſtuck in the earth, at a little diſtance from each other, and on their tops are placed others tranſverſely. The vines wreath round the poles above and below, ſo that the whole plantation is a labyrinth of bowers. Among the Alps of Savoy the vines creep along the ground, as in France: in Italy they entwine round the trees.

Few of the towns between Turin and Geneva deſerve attention, being for the moſt part ill-built and filthy. I do not even except Chambery,

bery, which is far the moſt conſiderable. They are all ſituated in vallies; for by reaſon of the perpendicular and craggy aſcent of the Alps, they could not, like thoſe of the Apennines, be built upon the heights.

The peaſants of the Alps are induſtrious, and, unlike the Italians, can reſiſt an opportunity of ſtealing. Their appearance, when they go out of doors, I *muſt* deſcribe to you. Long lank locks hang over the ſhoulders; on the head is either a night-cap, or a cocked hat commonly flapped behind, but ſometimes on every ſide; a muff covers the hands from cold; long gaiters reach half way up the thighs; wooden ſhoes protect the feet. The *Payſannes* are in general remarkably fair, with very little colour in their faces. They have good eyes, good teeth, and are commonly well proportioned; but all is marred by the enormous *goitres*, or large excreſcences under the neck.

I have ſeen ſome with a cluſter of them. The received opinion attributes this deformity to the drinking of ſnow-water; but, if ſo, how is it that the women are ſo much more ſubject to them than the men? I ſhall not enter into the inquiry, but only obſerve that I ſaw no *goitres* until I came into the neighbourhood of the Alps, and that, in proportion as I drew nearer to thoſe mountains, the number increaſed.

During the night which we paſſed at Frangy, fifteen miles from Geneva, ſo great was the fall of ſnow, that we were obliged to ſtay there half of the next day. Three waggons went off in the morning; we delayed that they might make a road for us. All the vehicles of the country are narrow; mine was too wide to purſue the ſame track, ſo that the horſes were obliged to drag it through mountains of ſnow. We often ſtuck, and were not without apprehenſions of remaining in the road the whole night.

night. We met with the ſame difficulties in going from Geneva to this place, but we cannot poſſibly proceed further. The *diligence* from Berne has not been able to paſs theſe eight days. I ought to be thankful that I am in a town of plenty, and agreeable ſociety. The inhabitants inform me that they have frequently had as ſevere, but never ſo long a winter. In the villages near Mount Jura, the poor were for ſome time ſhut within their houſes by the maſſes of ſnow. Some humane gentlemen of Lauſanne, by employing a hundred people for ſeveral days, forced the way, and ſent them five waggon-loads of bread.

Thus am I diſappointed in the hopes of ſeeing this romantick country. I can only diſcover the outlines, which are bold and majeſtick.

I am now ſitting by the ſide of a great fire. Little did I think of falling upon winter in the month of April. As ſoon as the ſnow permits,

I ſhall

I ſhall bid adieu to Lauſanne, eager to aſſure you in perſon with what ſincerity I am,

Your affectionate friend,

B. HOBHOUSE.

CORRIGENDA.

P. 15. Instead of *with a disgusting profusion of* read *with formal.*

140. Instead of *Annibal Carrachi* read *Annibale Carracci.*

291. Instead of *fia* read *sia.*

317. Instead of *Annibal* read *Annibale*; and wherever *Caracci* occurs, read *Carracci.*

323. Instead of *canal on* read *canal into.*